The Darkest hour

Black Horror Stories

(Table of Contents :)

Chapter one: First story Ride buddy... .....

(Page.04)

Chapter two: Second story Astro-planer...

.....(page.

56)

Chapter

Three: Third story Jenny……(Page

90)

Fourth story

Blood Trip.....page 125

uscopywrite@JesseTrippsep2023ALL-RIGHTS-RESERVED

CHAPTER ONE: Story One

Ride buddy

Jason kneeled helplessly knees buried in the mud and and dirt his youthful and discouraged young brown face was filled with unavoidable

tears and agony, he finally tilted his head back and let out a shrieking cry. “Somebody body do something to help him, come on man, we have to help him. “There isn’t a damn thing we could do.” Latrice shouted with an angry quiver in her voice,” impatient and ready to escape. Cold smoke blew from her lips as she tried to control her breath. Jason’s eyes were glazed over and filled with sorrow and remorse. “Unless you really want to die with him, we don’t have time to do anything. He won’t make it honey, there are no hospitals here.” He could not bring himself to accept with his own eyes, what he had just seen. Tattered clothes and gory remains of a person laid scattered in front of him. They were helpless to stop the carnivorous medley of merciless assaults, on what had just seemed like a regular guy trapped in a bad place like they all were. They all knew it was too late for the innocent young man they had just met they were forced to suck it up and keep moving. Although the desire to enact revenge pulsated through their veins. They wanted to stay and do battle with the hateful animals that held them in contempt, but they simply didn’t have the time or energy they had to make it to the safety point. It was inevitable and

and fear, in all of his strain and grief, he wondered deeply how in the hell did he end up in the middle of nowhere in the first place. Thoughts entangled his young mind, how did the innocent deserve to suffer in such a way. All of his thoughts brought him back to day one of how his or this diabolical nightmare had begun.

IN THE BEGINNING

It was getting late, and the Gold Star Hotel was about to close. Jason proceeded to the clock, to clock out and grab his bags from the break room locker upstairs, he leaned in, and grabbed his co-worker Ray by the shoulder, “I’m out man, and it’s time for me to bounce bro.” “Cool we should be good, we all caught up.” Ray responded. He took one last look at the many pots and pans that still remained in the sink, floating around waiting to be washed. He was more than ready to leave it wasn’t his problem anymore. He slowly made his way around the building saying

goodbye to everyone in his department, “Deuces” he said to his co-worker Tan and Rodrick. He was a great worker for a young guy, and most of the people in the building absolutely adored him. He was a dishwasher, it wasn’t the greatest job in the world, but he was only 18. He was satisfied to simply be on a payroll somewhere. His mom worked two jobs his entire way through high school, it was his time to pay her back. He worked really hard to make sure his mother, “Mrs.-T” was financially set, before he decided to move out on his own. Being a single mother she always supported him, in everything that he did, sports, music whatever the cause, she was always there to support her son.

Jason began making his way down to the locker room, texting his mom on the all the down to the first floor. He quickly removed his clothes to take a quick vanity shower, he embraced the warm caressing waters on his skin, while bathing, he began to wander off mentally, he soon began to have a vision, he was in a dark room and there were too girls about his age looking down at the floor sobbing. “Are you ok, what’s the deal, he asked?” he reached out to touch the girl but before he could he awoke from the vision. It was first for him, what did it mean. He quickly grabbed a towel from the rack and began to dry himself. On the way out he stopped in the breakroom to pull his lunch box out of the freezer, on the way in, he encountered Mrs. Carol, his favorite break time buddy. “Are you leaving, sugar? Yes, –I-am gone, he said enthusiastically, he leaned over to give the 67 year-old Mrs. Carol a hug goodbye. “Be careful honey, she exclaimed, I mean on your way home, every day I watch the news people just keep getting missing in this city.” “Just be careful, is all I’m saying.” “I will Mrs. Carol, but if it’s your time it’s your time, I guess.” “My momma always said tomorrow is not promised to anybody. He

be there for the next three hours hearing her talk about her mortgage, church and her weight.

He walked outside the building and breathed an exonerating breath of relief. He was finally off. It had been a long day for him. The dishes had seemed endless that day for some reason. He continued out of the gate of the building to the city bus stop and sat down to wait for his best friend Terrell who also worked there. They would often ride the same bus home because they didn't live far from each other. They were both fresh out of high school and ready for life. The world was new to them, and the city of Atlanta was full of promising possibilities along with crime. They decided to take the kosher path and avoid the chaos. They were not totally sure what they wanted to do with their lives, but they were definitely ready for the journey. Terrell's girlfriend was going off to college next year and he was considering doing the same. Art school, was his ideal target but he liked to keep an open mind about things. Jason was totally undecided, but he often flirted with the idea of owning his own business. The only thing he was sure of was that he wanted to be rich. He never desired a normal lifestyle. He had always envisioned himself amongst the luxurious elites of society.

Jason's father had been gone since he was six years old. He was alive, so he heard, and he also had other children. He saw him in a photo once, but never met the guy. Despite never seeing him, he didn't hate the guy, he just decided that he didn't want to be anything like him when he got older. Instead he wanted to make his Mother proud, as she has made him. He was never without, while

clothes and shoes and witty since of humor. Mrs. T. always drove a nice car, she made his high school years memorable in many ways.

After minutes of waiting on the green iron bench of the city bus stop, a sleek black car pulled up alongside the bus stop of the hotel. The owner of car slowly rolled down the window. It was Brandon, a manager in the housekeeping department of the hotel, they knew him well. They often ate lunch with him and spent countless days laughing at ridiculous YouTube videos. He was a very likable guy. He was looking more relaxed than normal for some reason. “You guys need a ride he said, I can take you close to wherever you are trying to go, but I can’t take you all the way. My car has been acting crazy lately, for sho. It’s not as reliable as it used to be.” The young duo had little patience, they were already tired of waiting on the city bus. “That’s a deal” said Terrell.

Both guys hopped into Brandon’s small black sedan and fastened their seatbelts. Brandon turned on his iPod radio to create a more entertaining ride. It was about six thirty and the sun was slowly starting to set. The guys were enjoying the short smooth ride to the west side of Atlanta. Cool wind blew across their faces as they raced across traffic through the busy downtown streets. “So how’s your girl?” “Who Rockelle, man please.” Why

“She your high-school sweet- heart maaan ! , don’t tell me it’s over already.” “Man, honestly I’m just tired of her. She like to fight too much. When we first met in middle school it was cute, but man that stuff get old fast.” “Um, um, um over already?” he said in a joking manner. “I mean it could be, I guess time will tell Terrell added. By this time the guys had gotten really relaxed. Brandon’s small black Malibu was fast; they were almost there. Jason mumbled along to music in the backseat -while they whisked through the traffic lights. “Man where you get your license? Jason asked you running lights and ery-thang, the same place you got your hair cut, Brandon responded before they all burst out in laughter.” “That was cold, said Jason you got me. “You dudes hungry? Brandon spontaneously whipped the car into a McDonald’s parking lot. “Yea I’m with it.” Terrell exclaimed. They rolled up the window smoothly. “I will have…….three big mac’s with fries, and large soda, don’t worry he said looking in the back seat, it’s on me. Brandon began to squint looking at the girl in the Mc-Donald’s window, hey you look familiar, Rona that you girl? “I thought you look familiar, how you doing Brandon, I haven’t seen you since highs school, how your sister doing, the girl said.” Brandon and his old high-school friend talked for about five minutes and Brandon gave her his number. The guys spent the remainder of the trip laughing at Brandon’s corny jokes and listening to rap music. Finally they had arrived they could see the old battered bus stop up ahead. It was at least 7:15 and Brandon’s cars slowly strolled towards the second bus top. It was odd location to say the least but the GPS on his phone indicated that they were not very far from their desired location. On the left hand side of the bus top there was a handful of small affordable apartment complexes that were not very well maintained, but the abundance of cars in the parking lot indicated that many people did not have a problem living there. On the other end was a giant cemetery surrounded and encapsulated by dark woods. Pine trees and tall bushes filled the dark background of the area. Lightly decorated tombstones

you scared, he said before mocking him with Laughter. “Scared no, I just don’t like weird graves and stuff, ghost are real, I see them on TV all the time.’ “Ghost, man please Brandon laughed casually,” I ain’t scared of no Ghost man, Nall. “I was taught as a kid it’s the living you have to be Afraid of, robbers, murderer’s crooked cops that’s what you should
Be afraid of ghost are dead,” “plus it’s a whole bunch of apartments
In this area, believe me, nothing going to happen to you bruh. They didn’t want to look weak in front of Brandon, so they continued to exit, however, they did find it odd that he wouldn’t take them all the Way.

Jason and Terrell began to unlock the doors of the car. “Thanks bro, I owe you one” Jason said to Brandon. This helps us out a lot. “No problem, anytime I have gas hit me up” Brandon said. Brandon His car slowly began to pull off. His headlights eventually started to disappear into the night. It was starting to get chilly as well, which prompted Jason to check his phone to see what time the bus was actually going to arrive. The sun had already gone down, and darkness covered the street. Four small street lights faintly illuminated the dark massive cemetery. Leaves blew wildly up the street and small groups of fireflies circled the nearby the tombstones. “Where in the hell is the bus?” Terrell said “it should have been here a while ago” “I don’t know” said Jason maybe the bus broke down they always break down” “I called the customer service hotline twice and they said that the nearest bus should have already been here but that was like an hour ago? So I guess we should just wait” Jason said. “Wait!” Terrell said that’s what you can do, I’m not trying to spend the night on a bus stop in front of a cold cemetery. “Check this out” he said. I have this new ride sharing app called ‘ride buddy’, we can order someone to come pick us up immediately. It’s only about 28 dollars to take us where we need to be. I’ve already put the destination into the ride buddy calculator. Anything has to

Suddenly Jason sees the faint image of a city bus in the distance. “I think we spoke too soon; I think it was just a little late that’s all.” Jason and Terrell slowly walked into view of the passing by bus. The bus got closer and closer, but the closer it got it seemed to accelerate. Jason and Terrell began to wave their hands “hey right here they shouted! “The lady driving turned to them and smiled maliciously and zoomed right by them? It was a weird and frustrating event.

It was getting colder and the wind started to push right through their jackets. Tingling chills crept around their arms unrelently. They knew it was getting late they could hear the crickets chirping loudly in the back ground. For a moment Terrell paused, an eerie feeling came over him. He began to experience a churning feeling of doom and doubt that slowly devoured his mood. He could sense something was wrong but he didn’t know what exactly something just felt irregular like something was about to happen he just couldn’t tell what. Everyone seemed to be acting a little strange. A chilling feeling of hopelessness came over him to such a degree that he had to take a seat on the bus stop to catch his breath.” “You ok, Jason asked,” you acting a little weird. “yeah I’m good he said while catching his breath on the bench, slouched over as if he was getting sick
.I’m good I just had this weird feeling but ,it passed I’m straight now.

Baffled, they turned and looked at each other. How in the hell did she not see us?’ he said. We were almost standing in center the street. “I don’t know you got me there,” Terrell said. Maybe the bus wasn’t in route, I’m

He finally came to a profile that looked decent. The man's name was Mr. Charles. He was 73 years old, he drove an old Cadillac and he had a five- star rating from the customers. How much trouble could an old Grandpa be? Terrell thought to himself? So he selected Mr. Charles as his final option. The estimated wait time was 17 minutes because Mr. Charles was already in the area. They were relieved to at least know that some ride was coming. They had never gotten off at this bus stop here before. It was cold, weird, dark and creepy. They had been there for at least three hours. Jason's mom was texting every other minute to know where he was, she would have come and picked the two up if she wasn't working a double shift at the bakery. The two young men were waiting patiently after requesting a ride on the app. Jason played games on his phone while Terrell texted his girlfriend.

Suddenly, the two guys began to hear a rattling noise from the distance. When they looked up the dark road they could see some really dim yellow head lights slowly moving towards them. As it got closer, they could see the faint outline of a large brown Cadillac. It was shining and looked well maintained. Smoke from the exhaust pipe pumped fluidly out into the cold air. The driver spotted the two of them and waved his hand out of the window. He slowly brought the large old fashioned car to a complete stop in front the o bus stop.

"Are you Jason and Terrell? The old man said. "If you are, I'm Mr. Charles your driver for the night" the two young men were in hurry to get in the car and out the cold blistering night air. Terrell jumped in the front seat and Jason jumped in the back. They didn't even answer

enthusiasm for a ride. The old man was a sight to be seen. He was dressed in a stylish, brown, silky church like suit and sporting an unusually large hat. It was so large you couldn’t even see his face. You could only see the glimmer on his teeth and the gold caps in his front grill when he smiled. His body was frail and slender, typical of what you would expect from a 73- year old man. His neck was lined with beautiful gold chains and his hands were covered in expensive looking diamond rings. The interior leather of his car was well kept. It was clean and smooth. The entire car smelled like cinnamon and peppermint. Mr.
Charles turned up the old radio to play some music to make the ride more relaxing. Old school gospel music played at a low volume, while the two young men fastened their seat belts and made themselves more comfortable.

Jason was weirded out about the man’s appearance and didn’t do much talking. He just stared out the window and was glad he was on the way home after a long day’s work. Terrell was more curious the more he looked at the man and began to strike up a conversation. “So, Mr. Charles, how did you end up doing ride buddy for a living?” Mr. Charles slowly turned down the radio to answer. “Well, I’m retired young man really, all of my children are grown and have children of their own, so I don’t need the money, I just need something to do, consider it something like a hobby, when you get my age you will understand.” He sounded more like a street hustler than a driver he had grimy demeanor worthy of further investigation. “Oh ok” Terrell said. He wasn’t really satisfied with the answer but it made sense, so he decided to move on to something else. Mr. Charles

smoke filled the inside of the Cadillac and caused the two young men to cough uncontrollably. “Could you put that out for real? They both said simultaneously we don’t really smoke not yet any way. “This is my car” Mr. Charles snarled with a bizarre change in attitude. “Don’t like it get out!” He said bluntly and unapologetically. His eyes were wide open as if he wanted to fight. The two were utterly shocked by the instantaneous change in mode. What happened to sweet old Mr. Charles, churchy Charles who just wanted to make money? It was like he had instantly flipped personalities or possible on drugs.

The two young men became quiet and shocked at the outburst. They didn’t want to risk being kicked out they weren’t even sure where they were at? They could only see wooded areas and street lights for miles. They didn’t see any familiar buildings or neighborhood structures. They assumed that Mr. Charles, was taking some type of express route. The entire ride started to remind Jason of those strange stories on unsolved mysteries shows his grandmother used to watch. He was slowly becoming afraid but wasn’t going to say anything due to the risk of being kicked out in the cold. After smoking the entire cigar Mr. Charles turned to them and said, “sorry if I startled you, its dementia, you will have it too when you get this old he then chuckled lightly grinning ear to ear. I don’t mean you nice young brother’s any harm, but I got to have my cigars, I just do. It’s the only thing that holds me together at times.” “It’s ok, I guess” Terrell said, we all have our own problems he said passive aggressively”. The apology wasn’t enough for Terrell he had slowly become weary of their new friend Mr. Charles and thought his personality sucked.

“Where are we going bruh, Terrell said? It’s like we have been traveling for an hour and shit, we don’t live that far away, you suspect, I just have to say it. I’m following GPS Mr. Charles said trust me where going the right way, you little bitch if I didn’t know what i was doing they would not have hired me, you saw the five star rating” he said before smirking as if he was hiding something. “Let me see the GPS Terrell said, and he grabbed it from the dash board without Charles consent. Mr. Charles immediately grabbed it and they began to fight over the GPS. After tugging and pulling over the GPS Charles slapped Terrell in the mouth splitting his upper lip, to retaliate Terrell raised his leg and kicked Charles in the shoulder causing Mr. Charles lose control of the steering wheel. The car swirled in a screeching donut in the middle of the dark road. Jason awoke, he was asleep in the back of the car. “What the hell is going on man, where are we?” Mr. Charles began to speak, “enough is enough! Rule number one, I smoke whenever I want, rule number two don’t ever touch my damn GPS, as a matter of fact, there’s no rule number three!, two strikes means you’re out. Get the hell out of my car! Now!” he shouted angrily.

“U can’t kick us out, you are crazy for real, we paid for this ride, and we don’t even know where we are” Terrell said. This is the worst ride ever, and I will make sure you are fired, and never drive anyone else ever again” “fine” Mr. Charles said laughing creepily. “Were not leaving, you crazy old man” Jason said. He got back in the car and shut the door with a vengeance. Terrell looked at Jason and said “your right, we paid for this, you are taking us home.” Mr. Charles frantically started to look for something in his dashboard. He quickly revealed a small hand gun, and placed it on the dash board. Jason and Terrell looked at the gun mystified. Who in the hell was this crazy man pretending to be a ride buddy driver?

The two guys left the car no questions asked. Spooked and confused, they stood there dumbfounded as they looked around and could not identify a single building. The worst possibility was yet to come however. Both guys reached for their phones to call the police and immediately noticed both batteries were dead! They were in the middle of nowhere no phone no ride. There were no buildings in sight, only street lights and forest.

Mr. Charles quickly jumped out of the car. “Stand still, he screamed “Afraid they were going to die, they pleaded “Man you don’t have to do this bro, my mom works two jobs, I can give you some cash, if you need it that bad, just let me contact her, she can cash-app you right now!” Charles had something else in mind. “Walk in a straight line dim-wits, he said.” He pointed the gun at the backs of Jason Terrell as they walked cautiously and in fear, face the other way or your dead.” For minutes they did not know where they were going, until they arrived at a giant cage, “get in, Charles demanded.” “Why? Said Terrell. “Charles fired two shots straight into the air. By this time, they knew he was totally serious as the sound of the rounds echoed through the trees, this was no joking matter. They crawled defensively into the giant steel cage which reeked of dead meat, stained with blood of presumably the last victim who didn’t obey. After locking the cage Mr. Charles walked back to his trunk. And pull out a large fire axe. Jason scream instantly, “what the hell, I’m sorry man you can smoke as much as you want bruh, I didn’t mean any disrespect fo- real.” Charles walked back to the cage and stood for a moment. The pause was more threating than the axe itself. Out of no-where, with a vengeance he began smashing away at the top of the cage with the axe for four minutes. Jason and Terrell screamed and pleaded in horror eyes filled with tears. Suddenly Mr. Charles stopped. Hours had passed after Charles attacked the cage, those hours quickly

and just sat there, looking at them ominously, he just stared for hours like a judge waiting to give his final verdict. “Why is he looking at us like that Jason whispered. “I don’t know man he is obviously psychotic.” Charles went into the trunk again. They awaited in fear. What on earth would he do this time they thought to themselves?

This time he slowly walked to the cage with two small metal bowls in hand. “Time to eat boys.’ He then handed them two bowls through the cage slowly as if he was feeding a puppy or animal. They were terrified as to what would happen if they resisted. They were hungry, but they weren’t sure if they wanted anything he had to offer. Jason stared down into the bowl. It looked like some old molded beans and maybe even a few maggots. He leaned in to smell it, and it smelled awful and rotten. They both sat the bowls down instantly. “Eat the Damn Beans boy!’ Charles screamed at the top of his lungs. Slob flinging form his lips as he spoke. They quickly shoved them into their mouths in fear that he would bring back the axe. Both young men immediately barfed up the rotten smelling food that Charles had offered them. He leaned downed and squatted with a smile on his face, a sinister diabolical grin that stretched from ear to ear. “Are you scared yet, He uttered.” Then his dark eyes suddenly began to glow a flashing red. Terrell looked at him in fright, fixed mainly on his red eyes, what in the hell is he, he thought to himself. “Hell yes! Were scared,” they responded. “That’s all I wanted, now you are ready for them, yeah you’re ready, you two or going to have some real fun when you meet my brothers.” “Them who? Terrell asked?” “You’re about to find out” Charles responded.” He slowly opened the door, and allowed them to exit the cage, pointing the gun at them the entire time. He quickly

They could hear Mr. Charles laughing loudly all the way up the road cold dark menacing road. It was clear he had no intent of taking them back to where he found them and it was obvious. They were reduced down to one option. Walk the entire stretch, until they found the nearest town to contact law enforcement. They began to walk, reluctantly slowly tired and humiliated Terrell still wanted to fight after being slapped in the mouth. “I swear he wouldn’t hit me like that if my uncle KK was here, he would take care of him real quick.” Terrell said holding his lip.

They didn’t have much of a choice but to immerse themselves in the dark roads walking aimlessly into forbidden or strange territory. The cold winds seemed to blow right through their basic tee shirts, designer jackets and jeans and it became obvious they were really underprepared for this scenario. The eerie light of the moon shined down on the road illuminating their path. The smell of moist pine trees caressed their noses as they walked through the heavily wooded area. The distant howl of coyotes unnerved them, as they walked forward. Jason started to cry in frustration “what are we going to do man? We don’t even know where we are, were going to end up coyote food. “This is not how I planned to die”

“Chill, Terrell said all we have to do is just walk to the end of the road to a gas station or something, somebody should have a phone or phone charger.”“What about the coyotes?” Jason said? Terrell began to stare at a large set of sticks rocks laying by the side of the road. He picked up a large stick and said “well, I guess we may have to fight our way to the end of the road, we probably won’t

talking about.” Jason followed protocol, he also grabbed a large stick from the side of the road.

They began walking and talking, hoping to pass time while slowly pacing up the long stretch of seemingly never ending road. They were walking for a long time and couldn’t see anything accept for the moon and street lights. The coyotes began howling once again. This time louder and louder. The two raised their sticks in the air and began looking around in a circle but they didn’t see anything.

“Look” Jason said. “There’s a car up ahead” the car began zooming down the dark road and the two began to wave their hands in the air. Deep down they just knew they would get a break at some point. Their hearts suddenly filled with hope. Shockingly! The car began to roll to a stop. They rushed forward to the mysterious vehicle only to be disappointed. It was Mr. Charles! He rolled down his window and lifted up his hat his eyes were finally visible and they were pitch black. He shouted at them with vitriol “good luck with those damn dogs! And then he began laughing hysterically.” As he speeded off, Terrell hurled a huge rock at the back of his windshield cracking it instantly. It gave the two of them some minor gratification, considering they were not sure what was going to happen next.

Jason began to gather more rocks feverishly. “What are you doing Terrell?” Asked. “Did you hear what he said about the dogs?” Apparently this was some type of trap, so I’m preparing for the dogs whenever or however they come. Terrell nodded in disbelief and said “right the dogs”. There were so many questions swirling around in his head. Why would an old man do this to them? They didn’t know him maybe he was an enemy of the job they worked at? He thought, there had to be a motive to do something this hateful. He also could not wrap his mind around the black eyes that the man had, they had no white in them. They almost looked demonic. His grandmother lily had always told him stories about demons and things of that nature but he always thought of that type of stuff as fairytales that parents told their children to scare them. It was weird, Mr. Charles definitely fit the profile of a demon in Terrell’s mind but why a demon would come after them, and they were good kids, they were too young to have done anything wrong.

Terrell began to draw a cross on his forehead with a marker he found in his backpack. He invited Jason over so he could do the same for him. His mind was racing, they were in the middle of dark woods, apparently filled with dogs or coyotes there was no one, or building in site, and the worst part of it was the driver looked like something from a horror movie compounded by the fact that they had no phones. It was crazy to say the least. Another hour had passed, and the howling returned. This time it sounded like it was right behind them. It was so close they could almost feel the presence of something menacing nearby. Jason and Terrell raised their sticks and tried to see using a pen light Jason had from work. When they turned around, they heard footsteps trotting in the foliage of the leaves but they didn’t see anything. They turned around to continue walking and out of nowhere a dark animal burst into the air, like it was shot

looked like a large black wolf with red glowing eyes! The teeth looked stained and yellow and the fur looked as if it had been in many battles. The fangs in the front of its mouth were unnaturally large and curved. The black evil dog just sat there and growled viciously with foam dripping from its evil looking lounge. It began to howl and bark and shortly after, lunged at Terrell knocking him down to the ground. The dog began to bite at Terrell's forearm tenaciously and he began to scream as loud as he possibly could.

Jason was nervous and did not want to see his friend die, so he picked up a giant rock. Jason ran at them with the giant rock in hand let at the wolf. He tripped right before executing the move properly, but to his luck the rock went up into the air and landed square on the back of the head of the savage dog. The dog released Terrell's arm and fell off to the side breathing heavily, it wasn't dead but appeared to be stunned. Terrell got up and immediately impaled the dog in the stomach with the stick he was carrying. The hellish beast died immediately, howling oddly like a man screaming? "What luck' Jason said. "I tripped and the rock still landed on the dog." "It wasn't luck it was the cross on your forehead, these are demons we are dealing with, and I know it sounds crazy, but something really unnatural is going on.

They walked toward the dog to examine it. They shined a laser pen light so they could see clearly, it definitely wasn't a coyote. It was twice the size of a wolf. The hair was black and matted the eyes were large red and almost bulging out of its head. The fangs seemed to protrude out of the mouth like vampire fangs. It even had claws on its

mystery grew deeper with each observation. The ears were large and pointed like elf ears. The two youngsters just stood there confused for about thirty minutes.

They started back towards the main road. Bloody and tired, they continued to walk. They were happy they had killed one of those dogs that Mr. Charles was talking about, but they wondered if there were more. The forest floor was covered in thick fog in some places they could barely see their feet as they walked. They patiently drug themselves forward depleted of energy and hungry. Jason pulled out a roll of cookies from his backpack and began to munch on them. They spotted a log on the side of the road that looked sturdy enough to hold the two of them. They approached the log slowly and sat down. They sighed in relief. “I can’t believe this is happening” said Jason. “What kind of ride buddy driver drops people off in the middle of nowhere this is just crazy? When I get home, my family is going to sue him for everything he has” “yeah that’s if we get home” replied Terrell.

The night grew long, the two even contemplated finding a place to sleep, but it just seemed too dangerous. This forest was crawling with life. Bats and birds filled the trees and deer seemed to be everywhere. In the distance Jason spotted a tent up in the hills off the side of the road! It could mean that they had finally made contact with someone. The two young teens decided to tread up into the darkness to see who could possibly be living in a tent in these dark creepy woods. After walking about 200 feet, up the hill they finally arrived at the tattered looking tent. “Jason cleared his throat and asked, “is anybody there??” they got no response. As he looked

all over it. They finally got enough courage to walk in the already open tent. They carefully observed the entrance and walked in. They shined there light inside and saw multiple blankets and a plethora of small bags. Terrell peeled back one of the blankets slowly only uncover a horrible sight. It was the rotting corpse of a man! It looked like he was screaming at the time of death. His hands and legs looked bitten off. Jason opened one of the man bags, in the tent they were filled with small food items and can goods he grabbed as many as his back pack could handle. The smell of the body was grotesque and distracting. Bloody hand prints filled the walls of the tent. There was an obvious struggle at the time of the man's death. Terrell happened to notice something hanging from the ceiling. It was an old paper rolled up tightly. He grabbed it and opened it up. It was a letter.

The letter read:

"I was taken here against my will, I don't think I have much longer to live. I have been here two days, there's something in these woods they don't like campfires but I will soon run out of gasoline. I was kidnapped while hiking by an old man pretending to be a park ranger. If my body is ever found give me the peace of telling my family. My name is Kevin Everett"

They were thrilled to find food but upset to learn that there were more dogs, and even worse they were only a few of the victims in a string of

disappearances carried out by one man. They continued back down towards the road trying to process what they had just seen. They continued to walk, still hoping to see a neighborhood or any sign of conventional civilization. Instead they were introduced to more yellow street lights and infinite dark forest filled with fog.

Day had already passed and they were growing tired. There was no way to know exactly what time it was. The two had begun to simply wonder around picking wild nuts from bushed and trees for food. Often they would find whole pecans that were on the ground, however oddly, they didn’t resemble any nuts that they had ever eaten before. Every other mile, they would spot another nut tree. This time, Jason was up for the climbing. Terrell hoisted him on his shoulders and Jason tried to grab the nuts reaching into the tree, he felt something odd on the end of his fingers. It felt like a shirt, and an arm. He moved the branches apart to see what was on the other side but didn’t see anything. It felt like flesh to him. He finally decided to grab and pull on it. And when he did and the mysterious object fell to the ground and he fell with it.

He quickly got up, and dumped his self-off, when he did he noticed another guy lying on the ground, next to him breathing hard. How was this possible, they didn’t see anything until he smacked into the ground? “Who are you?” Jason and Terrell both asked at the same time.” “I’m, DJ Lucien big dawg, he said sweating and gasping for air.” His chest bobbing up and down as he breathed “How in the hell did we not see you sitting in the tree? ,” “it’s cuz, I was invisible fool.” “he got up off the ground

I never heard such cries for help and I used to live on the West side of Chicago. I didn't see it but I heard it."

"How were you not visible, you really expect us to believe that you were invisible, come one man tell the truth." Lucien pulled from his pocket a large gold chain studded with what looked like eyes. "In a nutshell it's some-type of weird necklace , I been lost out here for weeks, on my third week I found a dead body wrapped in some weird and unusual clothes, I found all kinds of strange things in the pockets, powders, jewelry and letters written in a language I have never seen before to keep it real, I don't who it was, but they had this necklace around their neck, I thought it looked cool, so I put it on, then I saw another dude, who Charles dropped off, I spoke to him but he never responded or even looked at me, that's how , after a while, I figured out he couldn't see me, it was because of the necklace I'm pretty sure. "What.....? Stop playing man" Jason responded are you sure? "One hundred, Lucien replied. "So how did you get here Terrell asked?'

"Man, it was a long story, I was sitting in a gas station smoking some weed, you know, trying to unwind. I had just did two shows at club cheetah, everyone who knows me knows me as DJ Lucien, rapper, Dj and all around hustler." So anyway, I was at a Texaco, you know, smoking scrolling through my phone, when I spotted the police behind me. They rolled up lights flashing bright. I look in my rearview and a old man with a big hat is slowly walking towards me, he never raised his head, before I could roll down the window, he punched straight through the glass and yanked my door open. I tried to fight, but bruh, he looks old, but he is super strong. He hit me

everything was blurry I laid there staring at my gold tooth next to me. The last thing I remember was having handcuffs around my ankles and being drug into the back of police car bleeding. Two hours later, I woke up here, in these here woods. I had to saw off my foot cuffs, he never removed them, he must have hated me. Other than that, I couldn’t tell you why we are here or what his intention was to be honest.” “As far as proof goes,” Lucien pulled out his weird chain and placed it around his neck, instantly, they could see nothing but a thin shadow.” “Now that’s crazy, said Terrell, dude ain’t lying.” “Who in the hell was the person wrapped in them garments. “I don’t know said Lucien, but this chain sure has helped me avoid dying, like I said I haven’t seen it yet, but something is killing people, every-time I meet somebody, by the next week I find they corpse.” “Maybe you could travel with us, said the two,” “thanks but no thanks, I travel alone, I will be ok as long as I got this necklace, my boy, we couldn’t be that far from home they will come and find us, we live in the USA

The greatest country in the world, they will find us little bruh, just sit tight.” Lucien officially began to walk off and disappeared into the night.” Jason and Terrell were more concerned that he would be eaten at some point if those wolf like things smelled him.” In all the talking they forgot to tell him that they saw what was attacking the people that Charles dropped off. Five more hours had past, and it seemed hopeless. No matter how late it got, the sun never seemed to come up. “Look” Jason said he was pointing at a distant figure up ahead in the road. Terrell didn’t see what Jason was talking about at first. He had to squint multiple times to see the faint figure far ahead up the road. “I see it” he said it looks like a man standing there. The two young men began to scream “hello can you help us we are lost, please help us ” the man just sat there moving side to side as if he were trying

fire rescue suit but they couldn't tell from that far away. They bolted up the road as fast as they possibly could. There was no doubt in their minds that he was part of some type of search crew that was looking for them. The closer they got they could definitely see it was a fire fighters suit that the man wore. The thrill of being found felt like instant bliss. The closer they got they could see the strange man was smiling. It was a good sign. They were more than ready to go home. In a shocking change of events, the man begin to run away from them. He was still waving for them to follow along. They both thought that this was odd behavior but it was worth the risk. They continued to follow him anyway. "This is kind of weird don't you think?" he whispered to Terrell. "Yeah I know, but maybe it's some type of new rescue procedure he does have a fire uniform on that must mean something." "Yea you're right, I guess said Jason, and they continued to follow the strange man. They continued to run for fifteen minutes and were beginning to get exhausted. The man suddenly made a quick turn and entered the woods. They were still skeptical but they were desperate. The man continued to run through a series of trees and the followed him blindly. Suddenly the man turned a corner and disappeared from view. In fear that they were moving to slow, they accelerated and ran towards the area where the man had turned. The two were instantly brought to a sudden stop, as they peered down at a huge cliff!

They were breathing heavily and tried to catch their breath. They looked down the steep cliff, with absolute fear in their eyes. Large jagged rocks lined the bottom of it. It was a long way down if they had fallen. They looked to their right and saw the man standing at the bottom of the cliff laughing! At this point it was obvious this man was trying to lead them to their early death, with their own desperation and it was also obvious that he was not a member of the search and rescue crew. The man started

the shadows. Jason began rubbing his eyes to see if he had saw what happened clearly. “Did you see that” he said to Terrell “yeah I saw it” he replied but I can’t allow myself to believe it.

Regardless of what just happened, their vitality was running critically low. They were exhausted and sleep was no longer capable of being ignored. They continued back towards the main road slowly. “I’m sleepy said Jason.” “No way don’t even try it said Terrell, we will be eaten alive by those weird coyotes. “What if we sleep under a pile of branches where they can’t see us suggested Jason.” “Terrible idea what are have you been smoking?” Terrell replied. Dogs can smell really well they will still find us.” “What if we sleep high up in the trees? I never seen a dog climb a tree” said Jason. This was an idea Terrell could not easily dismiss. “That’s not a bad idea” he responded. The two agreed it was safer than being mauled to death on the ground. They began to scan the forest for a huge tree that would hold them and their bags without breaking. After walking 45 minutes they encountered the ideal candidate. It was a giant oak tree that looked to be 100 years old. It had huge sturdy braches that made almost the perfect base for a tree house. They made hammocks from material found in the tents. It was high off the ground and perfectly safe. The howling continued and continued. It produce a frightening tone for the night. It wasn’t long before they were sleep.

Back in the city

There was extensive man hunt for the two missing young men all over the city . Their posters where everywhere and two seasoned police had been assigned to the case. Officer Murphy a veteran male officer and officer Shaw and young female investigator had been assigned as private investigators ,to look into the untimely disappearance of the Ride Buddy riders and the driver, Mr. Charles. At eleven thirty seven at night, they arrived at Hallowell highway, where the Ride buddy computer says Charles last showed up on the tracker before vanishing off radar. When they approached they noticed something strange on the street in front of them. Officer Shaw hopped out and snapped a photo while squatting close the ground to get a better look. There were red glowing tire tracks on the ground! Streaking up the street and disappearing after about two hundred feet up the highway “what on earth are those?” Shaw asked. “I don’t know Murphy responded tire tracks maybe , it’s evidence but it sure is weird. He leaned down with gloves, and used a piece of plastic to scoop some of the substance into a zip lock bag for laboratory testing and labeled it evidence with a marker. The story just seemed to get stranger and stranger as Jason’s mom Ms. T, sat in the back seat distraught while she saw them look for her son who had missing for more than a day.

After a while they were sound asleep, Jason was awakened by the noise of branches breaking. He began to adjust himself in his hammock and looked down. To his fright, it was one of those black evil dogs! It was circling the tree looking up at them with its red piercing eyes. It barked viciously and began trying to scale the side of the oak tree. It made several attempts and rolled backwards with more aggression each time. It even tried jumping several times, but none of the attempts worked. The two teenagers looked on speechless. On a random impulse they began to hurl can goods down at the dog. Some

barking, and then he ran off into the woods. Relief pulsated through their terrified bodies. They returned to sleep for about two hours and tried to forget the encounter. Hours later they awoke and began to talk to each other. They felt much better now that they were rested. They began to open cans of beans and jerky that they had found and started to feast on them. They were really hungry from all the strenuous activities the night before. They had become lazy sleeping high above in the comfortable hammocks. They had become so comfortable in fact, that hesitation to leave the giant oak tree lasted four days. By the fourth day the food supply was getting low so they slowly started to accept that they would have to eventually have to muster up enough courage to start traveling again. That night they began to fall asleep again. Twenty minutes after dozing off, they were awakened again, by the unmistakable sound of a human voice. The voice whispered “over here, hey you two over here.” The voice sounded like a teenage girl. They were both instantly exited. It must have been a rescue crew sent by their relatives they thought. Both guys tilted their heads down to see a girl standing there. She was alone contrary to what they expected and there was no rescue crew.

The mysterious girl looked to be about their age. She had a very peculiar appearance she was wearing odd looking clothes that looked to be sown together from different materials. She was tall healthy looking and had an abnormally athletic looking appearance. She was curiously standing next to what looked like, a large spear like, weapon planted firmly into the ground. They were elated to see a normal healthy person but she was intimidating looking, so they had to investigate with caution. “Come with me you two, if you seriously want to live. Those can goods aren’t going to last forever” she

“You mean to tell me you’re not the rescue crew” said Jason. “Rescue crew, what’s that?” said the girl. She was genuinely perplexed by what he was saying. “Anyway, we don’t have much time, I can take you to a safe place, and these woods are anything but safe.” The two deliberated amongst themselves for a few seconds. They decided to follow her, after all what could they stand to lose. After following a well trotted trail deep into the woods, they finally came to a weird grassy hump in the ground. She pointed down towards a square iron door flattened in the earth. She inserted a key and pull the heavy iron door with ease.

Light emanated from the door in a mysterious way. There was also a fiery warmth that blew towards them instantly covering their body’s immediately on contact. They were scared but desperate, so they decided to travel down into the weird subterranean structure. “Who are you” said Jason. “I’m Latrice,” the one who just saved your life.” And if you want to stay alive, you may want to stay with me. There are thousands of those hounds some much bigger and stronger than the one you killed. It was a female, I saw the entire fight.”

The fear of the hounds had overridden the fear of Latrice, so the guys decided to follow her. They followed her into the underground door down the solid stone stairs. The entire enclosure was solid and well built. The guys finally made it down the stairs to a large circular room made of wood and stone. At the bottom of the stairs was another girl! About the same age as Latrice, she was slightly shorter and more friendly looking in appearance.

The two guys were in too much shock to really say anything. There was a coal heater and weapons lining every part of the wall. Baskets of bread and blankets filled the corners of the room. Jason didn't seem to care anymore he saw two good looking girl's food blankets and heat, they had already won him over. Terrell was still skeptical. The girl introduced her friend. "Like I said I am Latrice and this is my friend Wendy I have been here for four years she has been here for seven years." "Hold on!" Terrell said. "Been where for four years? Is that what you just said?" "I don't want to break your heart stranger but you are far from home, how can I break this to you in a delicate way. You're in another place." "Be specific" he said "what? Another state, another city?" "No" she said. I didn't want to tell you so early but you are somewhere between earth and hell." the room just went totally silent. "It's like purgatory, if you ever heard of that word." "Like another dimension" Jason said. "Yes something like that" said Latrice, there are many people here, thousands, beyond the dark river. They live in small protected villages to stave off the hounds and the other demonic entities that occupy these woods.

"So you're trying to tell me he drove us into another dimension like hell. This is impossible!" said Terrell. He was driving an old ass Cadillac." "That was not a Cadillac, and that was not a man" Latrice said. "He was a demon and that was interdimensional chariot. The car can change form at will and so can he. He is a special type of demon? He is also the one who brought us here. An old guy from the people's village told me that he must capture 666 souls to free himself from purgatory so he can live again amongst humans undetected."

“This is crazy! But it would explain how we keep walking and never see any houses cars and gas stations, and it also explain the evil hell hounds. But isn’t purgatory for bad people?” Terrell said. “No said Wendy he needs the souls of the innocent, 666 innocent to be exact, to be freed.” “We didn’t do anything we were the innocent” Wendy interjected in an emotional outburst and she began to cry. Latrice grabbed her to console her. “So how do we get out?” asked Terrell? “It’s complicated” she said. “Some have escaped not many” “How! Tell me!” he asked desperately. “It’s not that simple she said, you can’t simply run to the edge of the forest, some have tried they always find themselves exactly back where they started. It’s like some type of evil magical loop, also the sun never comes up in this dimension, its eternally night, but the moon does change however. There are silver moons, purple moons and blood moons. When the moon is purple the hounds hibernate it’s the best time to travel to the village. When it’s red they are most aggressive and carnivorous. Once on a red moon they killed one hundred people in a night.

“What happens to people when they are killed by the hounds aren’t we already in hell? “Correction, we are in purgatory” Latrice said. “When the hounds kill you, your soul will then travel to hell, so fighting for your life is still necessary here.” “The only way to escape is to retrieve a key from the belly of the beast, the Alfa hounds have the gateway key inside of their stomachs. The only way out of here is to slay an alpha dog and remove the key from its bowls.”

“When the key is removed who so ever holds it in their

choosing I never witnessed it personally but the older people here say it has happened before. The alpha dogs are not easy to kill though, they are more aggressive than the other demon dogs. They can be spotted by a white stripe on their backs.” We have survived many attacks and killed some but they were always the regular kind, Im Just trying to keep it real we are living in a giant dog kennel she said before laughing. They all laughed to relieave some tension.

Jason and Terrell looked at each other in disbelief, they were so overwhelmed by what they were hearing. It was hard enough to kill the first dog now they were being told they had to officially become some demon dog slayer to actually escape. Wendy offered the guys some blankets and bread for the night they all retired in separate bunk beds spread along the walls of the room.

Terrell could not sleep he seemed to lay there staring hopelessly at the ceiling. Thoughts raced through is head endlessly. It’s like he was stuck in a bad videogame or worst a bad dream. He didn’t want to take what the girls were saying seriously but he had been attacked by an unknown species of dog before he even met them, so there had to be some shred of truth to what they were saying. There was no electricity only lanterns. All hope of calling home was completely gone. He couldn’t find any sort of solution to the problem at hand. He found himself forced to accept the fairytale story that Latrice and Wendy had just told them. They were nice girls but the impossibility of escape without killing the wolf like creatures just seemed Ludacris. He began to recite prayers from Sunday school they rehearsed when he was

about the village of people on the other side of the dark river. Maybe they knew another way to escape this hellish dimension. The first option just seemed way too risky.

The next day all four people awoke to a breakfast of bread fish and tea. Latrice set up a small table like structure in the middle of the room. Both guys seemed a little more adjusted to the scenario after having a warm good night's sleep. Everyone began to eat silently.

Jason cleared his throat to speak, "so Latrice tell us you're story how did he get you?" Latrice sighed sadly and began to speak. "Well it was four years ago, I was 15 at the time, I was a party of a friend. There were a lot of people present. Some of the party guest were entertainers and other very important people. Photographers and talent managers. I wasn't supposed to be there I snuck out of the house against my mother's will. I wanted to be there because I was looking for my big break, I wanted to be a teen model. Anyway, I was sitting on the back porch at the party and this old man walks outside, he was dressed in an old school brown suit and had this large hat covering his eyes. A guy at the party introduced him as a famous photographer who had worked with many big names in the industry so I definitely was eager to introduce myself. He told me all these people he had worked with, some of the models I had heard of, and he had the pictures to prove it.

So he stayed outside all night telling me how beautiful I was and how he could help my career. Later that night, the party started to clear out. I started to feel my self-getting sleepy but I didn't drink any wine or anything. My vision began to get blurry and all I could see was him in the corner smiling. And hour later, I woke up in the backseat of a Cadillac hands bound. I screamed as loud as I could and cried but no one came. The windows were dark all I could see was trees and street lights. After riding about an hour, he stepped out of the car and opened up the back door. He snatched me out of the car and hurled me to the ground. He untied by hands and mouth and told me "watch out for the dogs." I begged him to take me home but he just didn't care. I cried and cried I promised him money but nothing worked. He got in the old Cadillac and sped off laughing all the way up the street. I walked for an hour crying thinking my mother was going to kill me. After walking a mile, I met Wendy sitting on top of a rock. She gave me a home here and I have been here ever since."

"That sounds terrible!" said Jason. Wow, I can't believe what I'm hearing, we have to stop this evil man, what about you Wendy, how did he get you?" "He got me when I was thirteen" she said. It was late one day after school and I was getting off from band practice there was an after school shuttle bus that took everyone home every day after practice. That particular day, my stomach was hurting so I stayed in the bathroom way longer than normal. When I came out the bathroom I had missed the shuttle bus. The parking lot was almost clear. The sun started to go down and I became scared. Suddenly a cab began to roll slowly into the parking lot, He rolled right in front of the steps where I was sitting and asked me if I needed any help. He was wearing the same brown church like suit with the large hat. I told him didn't have any money and that my mom was at work. He agreed to help

smelled really good like cinnamon and peppermint. He began to drive me home while I pointed the way. I was comfortable at first, he kind of reminded me of my grandpa. Half way through the ride, he began to accelerate in the wrong direction. I screamed you are going the wrong way! He didn't care he started laughing and turned up the music up. Before I knew it, we were on this dark freeway I never seen before. He came to a sudden stop and kicked me out. Half way up the street he yelled "watch out for the dogs" I walked for three hours before I met Mrs. Mary the original owner of this underground bunker. She was like a mother to me," she said in tears. She was here for 32 years. One day Mary went out and she forgot that it was blood moon season because she was getting old. Her mind began to fade. She was killed by a pack of hell hounds. I went out to search for her but all I founded was a tattered dress stained in blood. I was left alone but I survived with everything that Mary had taught me."

"This is a nightmare" said Terrell and "that demon thing old man must be stopped!"

"hold on, I don't want to sound crazy but, do you think Brandon could have something to do with this, I mean he could be one of them too, think about it, there was nothing wrong with his car, he was speeding all over the city, joking, chatting it up with females at McDonalds and everything." "Could be, you got a real solid point with that one." Terrell replied.

He’s not the only one, Latrice said. there are many purgatory demons in these woods many have gained freedom from escaping hell first and then escaping purgatory by imprisoning the innocent souls of the youth and the old. Once they gain 666 souls each, they can walk the earth full power and live amongst humans undetected. These creatures are evil and they were originally prisoners of the 13th level of hell a place reserved for the wicked of spirits. They are violent and have powers in case you are thinking about trying to confront one of them. I can tell you from personal Experience it will not be easy.The talking was getting them all tired. They took a break and Wendy prepared everyone some food. Latrice sat in the corner holding a mirror to her face. She begin to apply some makeup, she wanted to look presentably to her new guest. After just moments of holding the mirror, she dropped it shattering it on the floor. Her eyes filled with tears as she screamed “I’m tired of being here, I don’t deserve this.” They were startled by her sudden breakdown. She had just seemed some composed and confident. “Terrell walked over to her and gave her a hug.”

They stayed up all night thinking, Terrell walked towards tiny bookshelf they had in the awkward fort like room. It was filled with old tattered romance novels a few bibles and a diary. Below it was maps a curling iron for hair and what looked like food utensils. It was a weird reminder and proof that they had been there and extremely long time. Hanging above it was a short steel katana sword that also reminded them how serious this situation actually was. If they died they would be puppy chow. It was literally a disturbing enough idea that Terrell was becoming possessed with fear.

Meanwhile away from the room

In the far distance near the main road, a wrecking truck pulls in carrying a car in its tow. Charles the monster, the demon in the night steps out. He tilts his hat and lights his cigar. He methodically walks towards the door and make sure its locked. In the small grey vehicle sits, Shayna a mother and her 13 year old son Leron. Charles shifts the gear to lower the car releasing it to the ground. He took one last look at the two occupants and hopped back in the towing truck. Within a matter of minutes he was out of site. Shayna looks at leron in confusion.

“I think this nut job is gone.” She said before puffing on a newport cigarette “I hope so said Leron, that guy has lost it mom.’ “now we just have to get out of here, I don’t know how he locked it from the outside but he did.” Shayna looked around for an minutes through the floor board of her car and finally found a flashlight.

“you hear that ?” Leron said “hear what, no time for jokes leron we have to get out of here.” “ I hear growling.” Shayna shined the light around each side of th car and didn’t see anything noticeable. There was an eerie pause for a few moments followed by the sound of moving grass and sticks.

“look in the bushes, leron whispered in a low and fearful tone .” A large black harry hump ,attempted to lower itself in the tall grasses, as if to pounce. “don’t make any noise, shayna commanded.” Suddenly in a burst of explosive violent force the hound rammed the side of the car, rocking it so hard, it almost flipped over. It was at this ominous moment in time the animal walked into plain site. “Shayna screamed immediately.” What the hell is that.?” The animal began to wag its tail as if it were suddenly calm. Then in a spontaneous fit of aggression began biting ferociously at the door handle of the car. The fact the handle was made of solid steel didn’t seem to

ignition several times to no avail. Finally, with the grace of god above, she turn the igntion and the car started. Hope filled her spirit for a moment and then reality set back in. she floored the gas up the street the animals following close behind. The car soon reached seventy miles per hour and the animal could not continue on.
“I think we lost him ma, nice move said leron.”
“I’m not done yet said shayna, animals are vengeful, If we don’t kill him he may keep follow us to kill us.”
“She turned the car around and turned on her head lights.” She began to roll slowly back in the direction of the animal. She saw him up ahead resting in the middle of the street. When the car came back into view the animal stood up, he knew it was round two. Shayna floored it reaching sixty miles per hour in a matter of minutes. The dog lunged forward foolishly and collided with grill and windshield of the car. The sinister animal was dead on impact. When the car came to rest, Shayna and leron looked out the rearview to see if it was still moving it wasn’t.” “I can’t believe this mom, we just killed a werewolf, you are a beast.” “I’m not sure what that is, she replied but it sure isn’t anything I have ever seen before.” Shayna and leron continued to drive up the hauntingly dark road in search of a convenience store, police station or anything slightly identifiable. Hours passed and gas was beginning to run low. They finally decided to park on the side of the road and wait for help, right before charles disconnected her phone she sent a secret sos message to her mother anne. They had no idea what to do at this point but wait in the cold and the darkness.

Hours had passed since they had arrived in the underground bunker. Jason decided that he needed to come up to use the bathroom. “don’t go far, Wendy suggested they will pop up anywhere. “note taken” Jason responded. Jason flopped open the iron door. He stepped

the surface and embraced the night air. He only walked about one hundred feet to find a spot. Before he could pull down his pants he spotted something from afar. Ten feet from him was beautiful girl, she was dressed in regular attire as if she had been abducted. She was striking, beautiful brown skin that glowed, curls hanged lightly from her hair and she had a body that would bring shame to most. She must be a new entry Jason thought to himself. He didn't hesitate to pull his pants up and go over to her.

"I'm Jason, he said smiling." "Did Charles get you too?" The girl didn't say anything she just kept on smiling. To his shock, she grabbed his face and just started kissing him. He enjoyed it and didn't resist. She then started to caress his ear gently and then he felt a tug? With a vengeance the girl began pulling at his ear, it hurt tremendously, and then in a feat of demonic strength she pulled off his ear! Blood trickled down his shoulder as he screamed. He immediately punched her in the face. She fell to the ground laughing blood dripping from her mouth. Once she was down Jason ran as fast as he could back to the bunker. He rushed in bleeding.

"What in the world happened to you?" Wendy asked. "It was one of the demon things, it looked like a girl, I thought she was stranded then she attacked me." Latrice immediately pulled out the first aid kit. Later on that night the two girls stitched up his ear. Although it was partially removed he could hear fine. "I told you" Wendy said cautiously, they are everywhere. "So can you take us to the people's village" Jason asked he was now more determined than ever. "I want to know more about these

“Yes I can take you. Wendy and I will lead you there, but we must wait till a purple moon when they sleep, it is the safest way. Purple moons only last a while so it’s still a risky journey. We must take weapons and food. But I will warn you after the purple moon cycle comes the red moon the most dangerous cycle. We must be armed and prepared.

Jason and Terrell looked at each other for affirmation. “It’s a deal” they both said in unison. Wendy began to clean up the plates from the breakfast. She also began to fold the blankets and put them back in their baskets. She was happy for the new guest. Laterite began to climb the stairs to get some fresh air it was a must considering they were living underground. The air could get very dense and dirty very easy so the girls made common practice of going outside to stretch. The guys decided they needed some fresh air too and followed closely behind. Wendy lifted the latch and opened the door. She screamed immediately!! Aaaaaahhh! Something rolled off the other side of the door. It was a severed bloody hand it looked like it had been bitten off. They peeped out scanning the perimeters no one was there. So they stepped out anyway the fresh air was critical. Finding dead bodies was not something that was not new to Wendy and Latrice.

“Looks like someone had just been dropped off and didn’t make it pass the hounds, they don’t always find the safety outpost you know, and many become dog food. The hand looked like a young girl. It was a devastating sight. The group of four began to stretch and take in as much air as they could fearfully. The moon was silver the safest moon. They quickly decided to go back in. once down to

old. Somewhere used by Mary before they came. The wall was lined with swords made from wolf bones, pick axes, knives and spears. It was truly primitive site but its how they had survived for years. Latrice began to open a trunk in the corner and she pulled out a rolled up piece of paper. She explained to them that it was a map of the forest. It was the best way to find the peoples village. Tied to the map was an old compass rusty with the word Mary carved into the side of it.

“we have traveled to the village before Latrice said and did it safely, but there’s a strict protocol for not being killed” if we follow this map and use the compass properly we won’t ever encounter any forest demons or wolves”We should leave much later tonight when the purple moon starts and we must travel fast to avoid the blood moon. Many have died traveling during the blood moon. I must also teach you to use the weapons that we have they may not look like much but they do work and they have kept us alive for years. So I will train you, this is not about ego this is about survival. Even if you know how to fight you don’t know how to fight these dogs they are smart strategic and ferocious. They are the guardians of purgatory. Their only purpose is to hold us prisoner with fear. we have had many friends like you come in one day and died the next day because they didn’t listen this is not a joke.

“I hear you said Terrell, sometimes I still can’t believe what has happened, I know my mom and girlfriend is worried sick I just miss my life, this dark nightmare stuff isn’t for me.” “And you think it’s for us!” She said defensively you think we liked spending our

you, you are right none of us chose this. Jason pulls out a marker and hands it to Latrice. “What is this for she said? Put a cross on your head it worked for us earlier he was about to be eaten alive and suddenly we killed the dog with little effort consider it a good luck charm. It won’t stop them totally but we are in purgatory and crosses do work against the devil “She agreed reluctantly and allowed Jason to draw a black cross on her forehead. Wendy lined up to receive a cross as well. After everyone was branded they decided to rest a little bit more. They all nestled up on the bunk beds and went to sleep. All the planning had made them drained and depleted. After a 3 hour nap they all stretched their limbs and got up. It was training time. Latrice reminded them that they must be trained. She began to remove the weapons from the wall and began tossing them to the floor.

“How many dogs have you actually killed since you’re an expert?” “12” Latrice replied. Both guys stood there in silence. She reached in the trunk and pulled out a dog skull to prove it. “Wow” both guys responded. Wendy has killed 8, she added. Both guys turned and looked at innocent looking Wendy astonished.

“Well ok were ready I guess” Jason said. Latrice began to show them the proper swinging and striking motion when fighting the hounds. “Every move is critical they are fast and strong, you must aim for the chest stomach and head. We have protective braces for the legs and arms just in case they try to bite you. If ever they are on top of you try to control the head with your forearms.” It’s a critical move that will save your life. You must impale them it is the only way they will die cuts and lacerations don’t seem

through you pretty easily. The general idea is to stick and move never let them corner you or pin you down, and if there are too many of them just run for your life to the nearest safety post. Safety post can usually be found by following white crosses on trees they will always to a human settlement and a safe place."

"Got it" Jason said, but it's still a little bit intimidating. "I'm with it" said Terrell he picked up one of the daggers and started swiping it through the air. She also brought out some pelt like armor. These pelts came from them, she explained. They are really thick and can stop them from biting down on you too easily I made vest for all of us. The group of four spent the rest of the evening practicing with each other. The need to survive made them developed stronger bonds almost even relationships. Jason naturally took to Wendy and Terrell naturally too to Latrice.

Gerald?

Meanwhile, closer to the original road, in which they began, Charles was opening the door to release yet another helpless victim. He opened the door and hurled the old man down on the pavement not saying a word, laughing the entire time. The man was named Gerald Fisher, a fifty-four-year-old retired marine. Mr. Charles had abducted from the parking lot of a grocery store. The car sped of up the street in the direction that it came. Gerald picked himself up from the ground dusting off his shirt. "I can't believe this shit, where in the hell am I" he shouted out in the cold night air. "I know my wife, put them up to this shit, if she wanted a divorce she should

calls, he couldn’t get any service either. He knew he had been kidnapped but he couldn’t comprehend why, the driver didn’t take any money or valuables. Confused and bewildered he just kept walking whistling to himself. After walking for a while he noticed a large dog sitting in the middle of the street. Being an ex-marine he knew coyotes and wolves were nothing to play with when caught hunting alone, he didn’t hesitate to grab a large piece of iron that was left on the side of the road. The dog just looked at him sitting still panting wagging its large tail.

The one thing that stood out to Gerald is that, it was large even for a wolf. Gerald began to make noises hoping it would go away. “Shoo, get, go away, I don’t have any food.” He even threw a pine cone at the sitting animal. The pine cone angered the animal. Its malevolent eyes began to glow, that’s when Gerald knew for sure it was not a wolf, coyote or dog. “What in the hell is that, Gerald said.” The dog began running at Gerald full speed. Gerald being trained in combat, swung the iron rod right into the mouth of the leaping dog knocking it to the ground his precision was uncanny for an old guy. The dog lay there painting, wounded by not totally disabled. Gerald took this opportunity to run for his life. He knew he was too old to do battle with a wild animal. At full speed, Gerald high tailed it up the street looking for cover. After waiting a while, he began to rejoice, the animal was out of site, he surely hoped it was dead. Gerald rested behind a log hiding, trying to catch his breath. He was quickly burning out. Suddenly he heard trotting, it was getting closer and closer. He then turned around to a frightening site. There was another animal right behind him. He slowly turned around to face the predatory animal. His fears were confirmed. It looked too different than anything he had ever seen. The eyes and face were much different, then any wolf, and its breath smelled like death. The animal began to bite Gerald. They rolled in the leaves for minutes exchanging blows. Gerald’s shirt was stained in blood. He knew if he didn’t

out breath, and eventually died. He raised him- self from the ground and began to speak gasping for air. “I’m from the old school fella, we don’t die easy” he said to the dog before spitting on it. Gerald wiped the blood from his mouth and began to laugh. “The few, the proud” he said laughing all the way up the street. Soon Gerald found himself walking again for another hour. Gerald knew how to navigate but he kept finding himself going in a circle. Finally, he saw a large lake, he was thirsty among other things. He began strolling towards the lake to take a sip of water and wash his face from the attack. Gerald kept hearing the sounds of branches breaking the entire walk but he didn’t see anything, he cringed in fear that there could be another one. Gerald thought they were werewolves, he had no prior knowledge of such animals. He hunted, he knew every animal in the state. About four hundred feet from the lake, he heard a howling that sent a chill up his spine. It sounded like a cross between be-tween a howl and human moan. Another beast trotted into view shortly after panting and growling. “Man come, the hell, on, how many are there” Gerald screamed. This time he didn’t have the energy to fight, this time Gerald ran for the lake. The plan was to out swim the animal. He also thought that if he got wet they would lose his scent. Gerald didn’t think this time he just ran for the open waters impulsively. The animal quickly followed suit. Gerald dove into the water like an Olympic diver, and began swimming. The dog sat at the water’s edge panting, you could see the smoke from its breath steaming in the night air, it refused to get into the dark lake. “What’s wrong? Gerald said laughing. “You scared? Pussy puppy! , cat go your tongue.” Suddenly, Gerald felt a tug from below a powerful grip that he had never experienced. He feared it could be gators or catfish he had fished before and seen some pretty big fish in his day. He quickly kicked whatever was swimming below him. Whatever it was, it kept pulling on him. A knew struggle soon began. “It must have been the reason the animal didn’t want to jump in he thought to himself.” To his horror, he felt something like snake winding around

entire time. After moments the water stopped moving. A large pool of blood rose to the surface and spread through the waves.

Finally, the time of the purple moon had come. They began to pack weapons food and maps into their backpacks. The put on the primitive dog skin vest that she had made and all kneeled together to pray in the center of the room. “lord help us on this journey, keep us safe from the evil that lurks in the shadows and watch us so that we may one day find our way home, thankyou amen.” the group got off on the floor and looked at each other. “Is everyone ready? Wendy said” they all nodded quietly and began to walk up the stairs. The flung open the trap door release the cool night air inside. Leaves blew across their face as each individual climbed out of the hole to the surface. It was peaceful serene night actually beautiful. They knew the hounds were sleep so there was less fear naturally. They began to walk with one guy in front one guy in the back of the group. It wasn’t long before they couldn’t see the post anymore. Latrice held the map and compass firmly in hand and navigated while the guys kept watch around them.

Wendy reached into her bag and pulled out some fish sandwiches that she made for everyone. The fish itself came from one of the few, none poisonous rivers in the forest. They all ate as they walked never stopping not once. They kept walking and walking the quietness became scary after a while. Suddenly they began to hear a noise. It was a weird grinding breathing sound. They looked down a hill to the right it was a pack of hounds sleep in a huddle they were sound asleep.

“Keep quiet” Wendy said make as little noise as possible you don’t want to wake them, they can wake early you know”

The group tiptoed down the hill weapons pointed firmly ahead of them not making a single noise. After a while the beast were no longer in sight. They continued food step after foot step four hours had passed. They finally came to a small pond. The pond was gleaming in the moon. They walked to the mouth of the pond to take a really short break. The hounds can’t smell that well near water according what Mary had taught them. As they approached the small elegant pond something seemed to float near them it wasn’t long before they noticed it was a body. It looked to be the body of a guy he looked freshly killed. His head was bitten off and bite marks covered his young body he looked to be only about sixteen or seventeen. It looked like he had just arrived right before the purple moon. Wendy grabbed her mouth and gasped. Jason held her in his arms. It was a horrible sight to see. Most of the victims of this dark dimension were young and their lives had just gotten started. Jason started to think about all the missing people reports that had accumulated around the city of Atlanta in the past 5 years it started to make sense. They decided that the short break was over and began to walk again. The map had indicated that they were half way to the village and that they need to keep traveling east in a straight line.

Leaves and branches crunched loudly under their feet as they walked. Fall winds blew wildly across their clothing and skin. The night time air began to get chilly and so they added layers to their clothing. It was a desolate and

covered the dark forest. Ravens sat in the trees motionless staring down at them. Animals in the forest seemed normal in contrast to everything else that was present. They often saw deer scampering for their lives through the forest. They never even turned their heads to look while running. After walking for a while, suddenly a strange figure appeared in the road ahead waving his hands desperately. The group stopped and looked at each other.

“Who is that?” Wendy said to Latrice. “I don’t know, don’t trust it” said Latrice it could be a forest demon, they don’t always slumber.” They walked forward cautiously, weapons raised in front of them ready to strike. “Who are you?” they all asked in unison? A young guy walked forward covered in sweat and tears, “you got to help me I’m lost, I don’t know where I am, I don’t have a phone. Some sick old man pervert psychopath hand cuffed me and dropped me off here. I was sleep outside on a bench, I am homeless I never bother anybody I mind my own business I been on the street a while I just got out of jail, He approached me and offered me a warm meal best meal I had eaten in a while I will say that much. After feeding me, he attacked me with a gun and put handcuffs on me I thought he was undercover cop or parole officer or something, but that wasn’t the case. He drove me all the way here and dropped me off. The crazy thing was, when he got back in the car I could see a long black tail coming from the bottom of his trench coat. I could also see two small horns on the side of his head. He mumbled something about some dogs and lunch time.” the guy seemed like the typical abductee to the group, so they let down their weapons and began to relax slowly.

“Thank you he said I’m just like you guys” where are we going do you know a way out of here. I been here for hours in my first hour I witnessed the first guy I met, get mauled to death by some type of mutant wolf. Two wolves held the guy’s legs while the big one pulled his head off ugliest thing I have ever witnessed I’m talking Stephen King like creepy.” I hid like a coward in some bushes but it was all I could do. The guy looked young, he couldn’t have been day past seventeen years old.”

“We know all too well,” Latrice said. “But we don’t have time to discuss it we have to continue to walk, the clock is ticking us only have 3 hours left before the blood moon and the dogs wake up.” They guy quickly conceded and began to follow behind them, Wendy offered him some food and tea, he did not reject it, he looked famished. All five people began to power walk down the dark trail full of large oak pine trees. Fear seem to increase with passing of the time the map indicated that they only had one mile to go. Jason held the lantern higher the later the night got, just in case the blood moon came. Another half of mile had been covered but they only had one hour left. They were dangerously close to the end of the cycle and they were moving to slow. The new guy had slowed them down. They were so close they could even see the light from the camp and the village wall they had built to keep out the demons. They were close but to their horror the purple moon was slowly turning red and they could hear blood curdling howling in the distance. “Oh No,” Latrice said they are getting up early!!!!” They began to hear footsteps circling them in the darkness. The group formed a circle. “Don’t panic she said we just have to fight long enough to make it to the city gates when they see us they will help us.

Out of nowhere a large hound leaps feet and claws crashing into the leaves from the bushes. He put his head down and snarled eyes red like hades. He lunged at the new guy grabbing him by the leg gripping his left leg in his mouth. Once clinching down on him savagely, he attempted to drag him away slowly. The group began stabbing at the animal but it didn't seem to work. His hide was thick and black touch like elephant skin. They noticed the white stripe down the back of the beast. "It's an alpha!" Wendy said this won't be easy. The beast feverishly shook the leg of new guy Patrick in his mouth. While they all looked along and screamed at this roller coaster ride of horror. Blood covered the leaves below squinting in random directions. The beastly hound began to drag the unsuspecting victim in the bushes. They pulled on Patrick with everything that they had in them, but the muscular monster was unbelievably strong. Latrice could not stand to see him die like so many others but she was afraid herself, so she took out a katana sword out her back pack and she ran at him like a true savage warrior. She ran in a u pattern to position herself behind the distracted animal. She ran forwarded eyes close as she feared, if he turned around she two would become lunch and a member of the hell fire club, Regardless of fear she ran full speed and In one dynamic baseball slide she managed to strike the brooding beast right across the eyes in one fast slash almost missing the tip of the sword still managed to cut the animal. The beast began to whimper in pain. She sprained her wrist in the attempt and eventually lost the sword in the leaves. He released the victim but it was obvious he didn't want to. His leg was bloody and torn ragged a horrid site. He screamed in agony. Jason grabbed him and begin to hold him but you could see in his eyes he was gone. The giant dog retreated to the bushes leaving a trail of blood the entire way grunting and whimpering. Wendy began to wrap the leg of the guy with some spare materials she had in her pack. "what is your name, by the way" "Patrick Ross, he said in agony." they helped Patrick to his feet and put his

The group had made only about 200 feet before they heard the howling again only the calls became shorter and more aggressive. Chills ran down their spine. After watching what just happen to Patrick, they realized how serious an Alpha hound was. The stabbing and clubbing didn't seem to do much of anything, it was too strong and relentless and the skin was really thick. A black figure appeared in front of them from the shadows once more, it was another dog. It slowly sprawled into view of the reddening moon. His eyes were like hell fire you could see the slash fresh across his eyes. It was the same Alpha hound she had wounded, he was back and angrier than before. He reared on his hind legs and darted forward throwing his entire body mass onto the group. The group all fell to the ground instantly from the massive body of the monster. He grabbed the arm of Patrick and in two hard tugs with its massive jaws, pulled it from the socket freeing it from the body! He then, opened his jaws wide exposing larger dagger like teeth, drool and blood poured everywhere, he grabbed Patrick's head and began to shake it until he no longer moved.

Wendy screamed in fear. The whole group stared in shock, as chilled ran down their spines, they knew that these were murderous animals but they rarely witnessed the kills. They quickly began to reach for their weapons. Terrell approached the monstrous canine from behind a plunged another dagger in to the back of its shoulder. He struck him several times with a vengeance, "that's for killing PAT he screamed." The element of surprise was their greatest hope. The others in the group began to stab at the body of the beast. The fur was thick and smelled like rotted meat from dead bodies. The beast howled in agony and he slowly stopped moving. He eventually just dropped right on top of Patrick. Jason held on to Patrick desperately trying to bring him back him but it has in inevitable. Screaming out for someone to help

of them were not innocent regardless of how it may have seemed. Maybe Patrick was hiding something, maybe he truly was evil and they could smell him.

Patrick was gone they had to keep moving. In tears and exhausted the crew began running towards the entrance to the village the moon was almost totally red. In the rear they could see at least five hounds making their way down the hill one was carrying Patrick’s leg in his mouth it was a horrible sight.

Finally they were only a few feet away from the main gate of the village lit by torches. The gate open and five armed men ran out to escort them inside in a hurry. The doors slammed behind them they could hear the monstrous growling of the dogs on the other side. The girls just kept crying uncontrollably and the guys just stood there in shock speechless faces expressionless.

“Welcome” a man said from a distance. As strange small man rolled forward in a wheel chair. “I am the ambassador” “I have seen you girls before but you two young men are new to me, introduce yourself ““I am Terrell and this is my friend Jason we were just captured recently ““I see you made it to one of our many safety outposts. Latrice and Wendy are two fine warriors; we know them well. “The two young men looked around the village it was surprisingly well built. It was full of shops houses

and markets lanterns hanged everywhere do to the lack of electricity. A giant stone circular walls about 200 feet high surrounded the entire settlement. It was full of people many young and old, many ethnicities. They didn't look happy but they didn't look entirely sad either.

Take a tour of the village the man said. We have our own markets and wells. Most of the lakes in the forest are full of arsenic you know. And there are many poisonous plants as well, what more could you expect from being in purgatory. "I want to know the best way to kill the right Alfa hell hound to go home and hopefully take Latrice and Wendy with us." the two girls looked hopelessly flattered. "There is a man that can help you with that, he knows everything about the dogs. He will answer any question you want for a small fee." so Ezekiel the wheel chair man took them to the village priest. He dropped at his doorstep. "Have fun" he said, then he rolled away to the banquet hall for the nightly Festivities.

They walked into his mysterious hut. Strange bones and shells hang from the ceiling. A large muscular man sat in the corner, who looked more like a voodoo man than a priest, sat peacefully in Indian style. "What you got for me?" he said. Wendy answered happily "we bring weapons, food and medicine. "She gently, laid all the tokens in front of him. The people in the annex or stone city, still had a trade system and economy and it was a pleasant surprise to the group. "That is fine" he said what do you want to know? "I want to know; how do you find the main wolf who has the key in his belly? And how to kill him, you have to help me I'm a regular dude. I don't belong here I just want to go home and if I can bring

“Well young man, there are many wolves who have the key, however they are not Alfas they are called gatekeepers a lot of new entries get them confused. They have a different stripes on their backs. It’s more of a yellow color. They are just as nasty and can be killed the same as the other dogs. However, watch out. These demonic hounds possess a poisonous bite and they can manipulate their energy to shape shift, very few warriors have beat them. But I can tell you there is hope, some have escaped by killing them.”

“If you want I can give you a special bottle of aroma that can attract one of them and that will give you a chance to slay one of them. ”Please do Terrell said I will be eternally grateful? “The man reached into a cabinet full of bottles and grabbed a small container that said “dog scent”.
Terrell quickly put it in his back pack. “Well that’s it the man said that’s all you paid for ““No thank you” Jason said. “That was enough.” They all quickly exited the man’s hut. They would have to spend the night in the village for a week to wait out the blood moon. A village ambassador led the four visitors to an empty hut that they kept for travelers. All night music from people dancing and drinking kept them up. Jason just kept staring at the wall. What happened to Patrick scarred him mentally he was not the same. He remained quiet for the rest of the night. It was not by choice he was traumatized. Terrell had a different reaction he spent the rest of the night sharpening his weapons with a stone and making battle maps. Some people in the village celebrated drank and played cards all night while others seemed to be genuinely depressed they made no facial expressions. They never spoke and just seemed lifeless. They were not all having the same reaction to being

Wendy spent her time gathering old foods and throw away items people no longer wanted to take back to the hut just in case they didn't escape. She also gathered soaps, rags medicine and seeds. In the latest hours Latrice and Wendy sat in a corner staring out at the partying people. A Large heavy set woman approached the two of them, "hey there, I don't mean to be a bother, but I used to be a hairdresser before I came here, I was wondering if I could fix your hair up for you sweeties no cost, just love of the art of the trade." "Yea why not, Latrice said." The woman introduce her-self as kalisha. Kalisha grabbed a chair as Latrice sat in Indian style while the woman undid her braids."

Kalisha

"So, if you don't mind, Wendy asked, how did you get here?" "Child it's a long story, but I'm willing to tell it she said laughing." "So, one day I was at a bar, I Loved bars honey, all of the bartenders around the city knew me by name, they even nicknamed me tipsy. I was sitting at the bar when I was 32 I'm now 44, might I add, and this old man walked in. He sat down next to me and offered to buy me a drink, now, I normally don't date older guys but he was dressed well and he smelled good and he was kind of charming. We talked for hours and honestly I thought I was in love with him, or just drunk. Anyway, he offered to marry me and I said yes, looking back, I should have said no." he drove me to a chapel outside the city and we got married. Later on that night I lay on the bed waiting for my new husband to come out of the shower, and I fell asleep, when I awoke I was being pushed out the backseat of a car on a dirt road, duct- taped drunk and

dark road until group of people carrying arrows led me here, in never saw the animals until years later.

“Wow, that’s crazy.” Funny but crazy. “Yes girl, I tried to marry a demon, and that’s how I got here.” After a hour Latrice’s hair was done and they thanked kalisha. “Anytime you need your hair did while in the city give me a holler. They promised they would. In the center of the room someone rolled in a cage. “What are they doing?” Jason asked. In the center of the room was a large cage with a hound inside. “A tall man leaned over and filled them in. “they are going to do the same thing to him, that they do to us. lunch.” “They are preparing him to be cooked,
you see young man, every now and then we do catch one of them alone, then it’s time for revenge, or supper however which way you want to look at it.” They are not poisonous if you cook them the right way.” Jason was not amused at the idea of eating wolf steaks, so he declined to ask any more questions. In the corner he saw a woman holding a young boy, it looked as if they were new entries still trying to get used to the ridiculous new reality of being trapped in another dimension.

A week had finally passed. The silver moon had returned. It was safer for travel but the hounds were a lot less active in the silver moon. The group was slightly reluctant to leave the peoples village after all; it was at least full of people with the same problem. It reminded them that they were not the only ones trapped in this semi hellish dimension. The group bid farewell to Ezekiel and the other ambassadors. Reality kicked it when the gate closed behind them blood was everywhere. The air

had been mauled to death. They could hear the howling in the distance. But it wasn't close enough to cause worry. Up in the tree lines Jason couldn't help but notice flashes of colorful streaks moving through the trees. "Those are spirts of the undead tormented souls trapped here, they are neither dead or alive like us, they frequent this forest as well." they are merely aberrations, some stay here until they awake from comas, at least that's what Mrs. Mary told me."

Jason was spooked he didn't ask any more questions. Before they knew it they were half way home, no sign of any dogs. "There probably stalking some new entries. That's why we don't see any" Latrice said. None the less it works in our favor." before they knew it, they could see the safety post Latrice and Wendy called home." 'Jason noticed something. "If there is no electricity why do the street lamps work?" he asked curiously. "I can answer that" said Latrice, "we searched for wires before there are none, and they are powered by some evil illusionary force."

Jason's face filled with disappointment.

Everything went silent for a while and then they heard a growling in the distance. It was a hound he was 100 feet away but luckily they were right in front of the post. The team began running as fast as they could. Jason ripped the door open and everyone rushed in side. He

heater. They were home again at least the only home they knew. That night they frantically reviewed strategies on how they might find and kill the gatekeeper dogs. After years of being held hostage, Wendy and Latrice began to think about what it would be like to see their mothers and fathers again. What it would be like to see the sun shine and the beautiful feeling of walking through the woods in peace. Their faces began to sport a type of new glow to it. They believed in Jason and Terrell and they now believed in themselves. Wendy began to cook while the others began to make plans. If they wanted to kill the main creatures, this plan had to be flawless they didn't want to risk death amongst the group so everything had to line up perfectly.

"The element of surprise is the best thing we have, they are powerful and quick predators we don't want to risk dying." "My caretaker Mary said she killed one once by digging a hole in the ground and covering the hole with leaves and branches so that it looked natural and when the beast came it fell into the hole. Mary and her husband at the time impaled it until it died. The hole was deep enough so that the creature just couldn't climb out her also file the hole slightly with water so that each time he would try to climb he would slip."

"it's not a perfect idea said Wendy but it's definitely a safe one.' "That doesn't sound too bad said Jason but we need a backup plan just in case it doesn't work. We could also use that dog scent stuff we got from the village to lure the monster in." Latrice opened a compartment in the wall and took out two primitive looking shovels and threw them in the center of the floor. Suddenly the group

often rattled the door but they could not break in. The group remained quiet while Jason went to make sure the door was totally secure. Sporadically they heard a knocking on the door that sounded like human hands and faint voice resounded. “Is there anyone in there if so please let me in help!!!” The voice sounded like another guy but he sounded older like in his 40’s. The group looked at each other and began to debate whether or not they should open the door to save him. They all agreed it was too risky but they still considered different ways they may have been able to help him.

Out of nowhere, the man let out a painful shriek and scream. A raw thud song penetrated the door. Blood oozed into the bunker from cracks and hinges of the door. It was too late! he was gone. The group looked at each other in silence heads hung low in shame. It was truly unfortunate but they had to continue on with their plans. They had already been trained to fight a hound, but now they needed the ability to withstand the poisonous bite from the gatekeeper hounds and then there was the shapeshifting that the guy in the village mentioned. “What do we do if we are bitten said Wendy, didn’t he say they have a poisonous bite?” “We could use those arm and leg protectors Latrice gave us earlier said Terrell. We just need something to stop fangs from sinking in” Replied Jason “Great idea said Wendy and she went to retrieve the braces. Last but not least, what about shapeshifting said Wendy what in the world will we do if that happens?”

“we don’t have a plan for that said Latrice, the goal is to kill it before it starts doing any off that” beware you guys,

retrieve the key from the wolf's belly. A couple of hours had passed. The group stared boringly at the hourglass, in the corner of the room. They were waiting silently patiently for the fight of their lives. They were all equally thrilled at the idea of leaving and scared to die all at the same time. The thought of seeing their families again filled their hearts with super human courage and deep down they knew it was worth the risk to escape this dark place. Purgatory was a place that many called home against their will. They were neither dead nor alive. Life in the sinister dimension changed each person who found themselves there. Finally, they decided it was time to go time to face the guardian of this hell like place. They gathered all of their materials and marched up the stairs draped in primitive yet reliable armor. Jason opened the door still soaked with blood. He slowly and carefully peeped out. The coast was clear, and all was silent the demon dogs were gone. They all gradually sprouted from the opening in the ground and began to stretch their limbs. They began to search for a spot to dig. They found one not far from the post. The general feeling amongst the group was if the plan fails run back to the safety post. They began to dig through the leaves, grass and branches and began to move some serious earth. Jason plunged his shovel into something hard. He reached down to uncover what it was. He slowly removed the dirt from the object to expose its identity. To his dismay it was a skull of what looked like an 8-year-old girl. Disgusted by what he saw he still continued to dig. The group took turns digging alternating between the boys and girls. This night was a silver moon so the dogs were expected to be active but not the most intense. Finally, the hole was dug. It was deep enough to hold one of them. The team went to a nearby pond that had fresh drinking water and filled up some pales. They tossed as much water into the hole as it could handle. It was good and muddy.

grabbed one corner of the giant door and carefully lowered it on top of the hole. It was complete. They all smiled with satisfaction. The original plan was for Wendy to stand on the opposite side of the hole and scream for help. By then the scent would have already been poured on the ground. The rest of the group was supposed to hide under piles of leaves weapons concealed and when the animal fell into the whole rush him with the spears. Jason began to pour the “dog scent” potion around the hole. Everyone got into place. 2 hours had passed and there was no sign of the gatekeeper. The team looked out from under the leaves patiently. Suddenly without warning, a deer came galloping out from the darkness of the night. He curiously examined the area and began sniffing the grass. He walked about ten feet forward and began undergo some type of strange metamorphosis and to their amazement, transformed into a large unique looking hound, its appearance was petrifying. It was the gate keeper! He sported a large yellow stripe down his back his head was large and menacing. He was different looking than the other dogs and the alpha dogs. His snout was long and bear like. His teeth large and shined like black glass. The large almond shaped eyes looked pure evil. A black mane covered his neck much like a lion. After stepping into the light of the moon, he immediately spotted Wendy. A chill ran down her spine when they locked eyes. She knew she was looking directly into the eyes of one of the guardians of hell a creature so menacing many had accepted enslavement rather than fight him. She remembered her role, and immediately started to scream “help!”. The team was poised and ready. The snarling monster began to run, forward eyes firmly on Wendy. He was engaged for the kill, but to everyone’s shock, suddenly stopped right at the mouth of the hole. He began to sniff at the door, almost as if he knew it was a trap! The group watched on in horror only wondering what would happen to Wendy if they didn’t trap him. The guys began to whisper to each other and came up with a plan. They decided to rush him from

After about 10 seconds their spheres were firmly planted in the hound's backside. They began to push but the hound did not move. The gatekeeper looked to be at least 600 pounds of muscle. Latrice saw what was going on and she decided to push from a different angle. She rushed in from the side and began striking the wolf with the dagger. His massive monster began to slide and the trap door broke instantly. It made a loud crackling thud, and leaves and branches went up in the air and the best plummeted to the bottom of the whole. It was muddy and slippery. He made several attempts to escape all failed. The group begin the jab into the hole with the longest spear they had. On the third jab the monster bit down on the spear and began to pull Jason forward. Jason began to slide forward towards to hole in the tug of war of death. The others quickly saw what was about to happen and each of them grabbed on to Jason and pulled him backward. The spear went into the hole none the less they kept striking. Terrell began to hurl giant rocks into the whole many of which wounded the animal. The animal began to move slower after a while he crouched down and began to pant breathing heavily and drooling. He began to howl demonically and smoke that seemed to rise from the earth itself began to fill the hole. They were all vexed and confused. Shortly after the smoke dissipated, there was a large bat like creature crouched in the hole. Black mossy looking hair filled his back and large leathery wings protruded from his muscular body. It was obvious at this point that the hound had shapeshifted.

"Oh no he shifted!" said Latrice. "We have to stop him. "After screeching at the teenagers a couple of times the creature began to flap his wings and attempted to fly away. He began flapping his wings trying to create an uplift for takeoff. After a few flaps his body was well off the ground and out of the mud. Upon making it to the mouth of the hole Wendy hurled a spear right through the

began to bite his own tail out of frustration. He began to claw at the sides of the muddy hole and sling mud up above right at them. The monster stopped and paused and then let out a high frequency noise that almost ruptured the eardrums of the group. They all fell to the ground in pain, as the supersonic sound pierced the eardrums of the young teenagers. Suddenly the creature stopped making the noise.

“I’m tired of this” said Jason and he picked up the biggest rock he could find.” it worked once, it could work again. “He ran towards the whole, and leaped directly onto the back of the bat like monster and he began to strike relentlessly at the head of the demon. The monster made a deadly noise again and Terrell fell into the mud covering his eardrums. Their noses and ear drums began to bleed immensely. In fear that Jason would die, Terrell leapt in after him. Full of mud, he began to slice at the monsters other wing. The monster had tolerated enough, he immediately grabbed Jason by his neck slamming him into the mud. He grabbed Terrell’s arm and looked into his eyes, the creature’s eyes were pitch black. Terrell felt pure evil run through his veins when he looked in the creature’s eyes. He scratched Terrell across the chest ripping his shirt. He let out a screeching squeal and began trying to bite Terrell’s arm. Latrice, screamed in fear and concern watching the ferocious attack. She knew the shapeshifters bite was poison. But she also remembered he was wearing the arm braces that she had given him when she trained him. Terrell stopped moving and sunk under the water. The monster turned towards Jason and scratched him down the side of his back. “In a weird twist of events, the monster mumbled out a few demonic words. In a deep evil intonation of voice he uttered “*innocent souls huh? Spare me the lies”* and

If Latrice didn’t do anything, they were going to die at the hands of the malevolent gatekeeper. She positioned herself behind him from up above while he was attacking Jason. She grabbed the shortest spear she had. It took her 2 minutes to concentrate. She hurled the spear like a javelin into the back of the creature and the spear went through him and into the waters. The thing dropped instantly into the muddy waters moaning in pain. Terrell emerged from the mud still alive he walked towards the creature’s body to confirm that it was dead. It wasn’t breathing or moving. He began to slice open and he meticulously sort through slimy foul smelling guts until he touched something hard. It was the key! He pulled it up so he could view it. It was a golden cross covered in strange symbols with a key attached to the body part of it .
They began to scream and celebrate and hug each other in the mud. It was like they had won the lottery!

Latrice lowered a rope down to pull them out. Once they reached the surface they all celebrated hugged and screamed. Suddenly they heard a familiar howling. It was the scent! it attracted more demon dogs! They didn’t have strength to fight anymore.Jason suddenly stumbled over something and fell face first into the ground. He arose with maggots falling from his face. Screaming in horror he tried to shake off the bugs. Terrell leaned down to see what he tripped over. It was a dead body! After looking even closer the face looked familiar.” It was DJ Lucien. Apparently the cloak didn’t work perfectly after all, or it was even possibly an evil trick, a joke by one of the demons. “We don’t have time to examine dead bodies

They could see at least 5 dogs coming up the side of the hill. They all began to run as fast as they could back towards the post. It wasn't very far. They made it quickly. The dogs were still in view. Once inside they could hear the monsters pacing around the roof growling with pure anger.

The group gathered in the center of the floor hugging each other all crying. "How can we ever repay you?" said Latrice. "Simple" said Terrell. "Be my girlfriend" "of course" she said. They all continued to hug and embrace the fact that they were about to leave possibly, forever. After rejoicing, they decided to pull out the key. "So how does this work?" Said Jason. "I don't really know, I've never had the key before obviously" said Latrice before laughing to herself. I guess we are supposed to hold it all at one once. They all gathered in the center of the room and grabbed the key. Not knowing what to expect, they all bowed their heads and just hoped for the best. A warm tingling sensation came over them and they closed their eyes. When they opened them again, they could see a bright white door illuminated with a brilliant light. They all slowly began to walk towards the intense light. A scintillating wind blew over them, and after a couple of steps, they found themselves on the bus stop were Terrell and Jason began! Latrice and Wendy were there too. They all looked at each other and were speechless. The sun shined brightly and grazed their cold exhausted skin. They had finally escaped purgatory.

Chapter Two: Story Two Astroplaner?

It was a late drafty night in Tamera’s apartment. Echoes filled the air of her shallow modern abode. She decided to fold up her lap-top, and to quit working for the night. She was tired of being consumed with her new business. “Are you hungry? She asked to her small black terrier.’ The dog wagged it’s tailed as if its response was yes. “You eat too much, I have gone through, at least two bags of dogfood in one week.” She scolded. Tootsie, was a small dog with a big appetite and He was fiercely protective of Tamera. She shoveled some kibbles and bits into his dog bowl and slipped on some sandals from her closet, she then proceeded to empty the trash, it had been lingering for a week, and was beginning to smell profusely.

She grabbed the small bag of trash from its container, from the corner of her dining room, and slowly made her way down the black shiny marble stairs of her building, followed by Tootsie, to the dumpster area of the condominium behind the building.

Down stairs, she kept her shades high hoping to not be noticed, she wasn’t really in the mood to talk, it didn't work long. "Hey, miss lady" she didn't really want to turn around, she already knew it was Dwayne, the 25 year old security officer, slash rapper who was dying to take her out on a Date." "Sup, hey, Dwayne how you holding up." She said reluctantly, in a shady demeanor "Good, now you here" he responded confidently. She

laughed lightly stop it, blushing, and mixed in desire, she thought he was cute but too young and immature, Dwayne had several girlfriends and she saw them coming and going daily, she didn’t want to be just another woman on the list.

“I already know where u going with this, Dwayne, I told you I'm trying to do the single thing right now, I'm doing some soul searching at this point in my life." Maybe later she told him, he laughed and replied." Can't blame ya- boy for trying.” After Dwayne, she sashayed to the mailbox and quickly opened it using her key-card. It was the usual bills, fan notes, invites and letters from her cousin Pookie, who was always in jail begging for money. She sent him money all the time, she was just hoping at some point he would just get out permanently for God's sake. She was losing about five thousand dollars a year to jail sponsoring.

Nonetheless, it was her cousin, she grew up with him, and she continued to send it anyway.

The entire building was breezier than usual. She tightened up her jacket on the way out. Next to the dumpster, was a graffiti -sign with a broken heart, with the caption ‘*sometimes you’re better off alone.’* She finished dumping the small bag with ease and continued back inside the condominium.

Upon closing the door, she quickly noticed an older couple holding hands in the yard, kissing as the sun went down right behind the building. It was a beautiful sight, but a painful reminder that she was 39 years old and that she would be forty next years, 40 years old, no husband or boyfriend in sight. She was always busy trying to secure herself financially, she didn’t want to be like her mother Patricia who worked a nine to five job until she was 69 years old. She wanted better for herself, but it came at the expense of loneliness isolation and constant doubt. She often wandered if she was being too greedy, selfish or materialistic but on the other hand she didn’t want an abusive man taking care of her either.

Tamera was no perfect angel herself. She had just recently retired from being an exotic dancer about one

She hurried back upstairs after emptying the trash and closed the door. Another day in a lonely home, she quietly thought to herself. She had no children which she also regretted often. She didn't want anything to get in the way of making money. She grabbed the remote and flopped down on her comfortable couch. She flipped the movie channels to the lifetime network and began to scroll to see what would be showing tonight. She started to feel hungry so she went to the fridge and opened up a fresh box of pizza and tossed it into the oven. She grabbed a bottle of wine from the wine rack and hurried back to the sofa to catch the feature presentation. The movie wasn't on yet so she had to sit through, what seemed like never ending commercials however one commercial caught her eye.
The beginning dialogue began with,

"Are you a working professional and alone? No time to date or do night clubs even if you wanted to? Well if that sounds like you, Then you need us, Fantasy matchmaker services is the place for you, we specialize in matching busy people up with their ideal lover, we have successfully matched over 8,000 married couples, call us now for your free consultation.
It sounded cheesy to her at first but she really was running out of answers. She finally decided to grab a napkin and jot down the number at the bottom of the screen. After all what could it hurt, at the worst she could simply disconnect and no-longer use the service? She finally decided to call her friend Monique for advice. Monique had been her friend for 15 years she even danced at the same night club, she would never give her bad advice on dating.
The phone range loudly.....and she patiently waited for
a few seconds. Finally she heard someone on the other side pick up the phone.
"Hello Monique this is Tamera, how are you girl?"
"I'm fine honey, how about you, how is your new business going?"

“Advice? Tell me what’s on your mind, I am here for you, you can tell me anything.” Monique said
“Well I was watching this infomercial about a matchmaker service for wealthy people I am starting to think I should try it, I have tried everything else I can’t do the bar and grill shit anymore.”
“I don’t do those, hell no” Monique said. “They never work out, people are always weird in my opinion, I don’t do online dating and I don’t do blind dates honey, but if you think it will work try it, you have my support.”
“Girl don’t make it sound so, sleazy “she said
laughing to herself. “Well that’s just my opinion”
Monique said laughing along. “Well I guess I will
try it, what could really lose”
They both said their goodbyes and hung up the phone.
Tamera turned up the volume and continued to watch her lifetime movie. Her pizza was now done and
She quickly grabbed it from the oven. She only ate half of it before falling asleep during the movie.

The next day she got up enough nerve to call Fantasy matchmakers. She picked up the phone and called 1800-match. She talked for hours with her agent about what kind of guy she wanted and how much she was willing to pay for the service. Before the night was over her phone flooded with pictures from potential matches and their profiles. She was excited again for once. She even stopped working early on her hair care business and just started to read profiles all night. Her small dog tootsie climbed into her lap as she scrolled through the profiles all night looking at her new potential dates. For every first date that she went on she would have to pay the service 735 dollars, so she had to choose carefully the service was not cheap, but she was willing to pay for quality. She narrowed down the choices from 25 profiles down to two. The master match-list of 25 candidates cost 1200 dollars by itself so she wanted to read through them carefully. Her two finalist were a lawyer named Dre West and a church contractor named Marcus Destatt. The match maker service listed their numbers at the bottom of the profile so that she could call to meet either

Tamera your match from the matchmaker service" "How you doing, I wasn't expecting a call so soon but, let's go!" They both laughed and began to introduce themselves.
"As you know I'm a fraud lawyer, I have been partner at my business for 12 years I'm 37 years old I have one child, who l love dearly and I am looking for the one, my last marriage ended in divorce and now I am just looking for my soul mate. I'm originally from Detroit how about you?" She blushed heavily and began to clear her throat, she was nervous but she didn't want to seem too shy.
"Well I am looking for the one as well, I just retired recently and started my own business, I have never been married but I want to be and I am originally from Atlanta Georgia."
The two talked for hours before they finally ended the conversation. She was excited about Dre. But she also had to explore her other option. She wanted to make a decision immediately Dre was handsome and resembled a model, he was fit and 6'0 tall, and she always had a thing for guys with long hair.

The second call was Marcus Destatt
"Hello I am looking for Marcus Destatt? I am your match from Fantasy matchmaker service"
For a few moments she heard silence, and then finally a soft spoken voice answered the phone
"Oh yeah, Fantasy matchmakers right, I forgot about my application for a while."
"I saw your profile Tamera it was beautiful, tell me something about yourself"
"Saw you too, you are handsome."

Marcus was a classic looking guy, tall strong and muscular, he was bald, with distinguished goatee, he resembled the classic man in many ways. Tamera found him irresistible.

“Well, I am a successful retired 39 year old woman who has decided to settle down recently, you know, I’m looking for Mr. Right, not! Mr. right now,” she said before laughing.
“Same here, I need a wife, I am a contractor as you saw in my profile, I build mega churches and condos. I want the traditional wife you know, the cook, the house maiden type of thing.”
Tamera was excited, she could be some of those things for him now that she was retired and working online. She didn’t want to tell him about her past as a dancer. Though she made plenty of money, she did not want it to tarnish her chances for marriage.
They talked for another hour and gradually ended the call, they agreed to meet in person on Saturday.
She also agreed to meet with Dre- West on Sunday. By the end of the weekend she would definitely be sure of who she wanted to take on more dates free of charge.

Saturday had finally came. Tamera was really excited, she even decided to try on some new hair-extensions she had just bought. She wanted to make a good impression on Marcus, he could very well be her new husband. She even began to fantasize about being called Mrs. Destatt. She realized it was all just fantasy but she was more than willing to put herself out there and be vulnerable again. She was no longer 25 with the banging body that the guys use to line up to see, but none-the-less she was still beautiful charismatic and financially successful.

Out of the silence Tamera heard a horn outside the condominium window. She rushed to the giant window to peer down below. She saw a very nice Lincoln limousine parked right underneath her window. A very handsome guy poked his head out the window and said “hi I’m Marcus, you must be Tamera”
She was even more excited to see him in person, he looked younger and more alive than online. She was so nervous she began to sip on more Champaign to ease the

She locked up her glamourous condo and hurried down the stairs purse in hand. She swiped her residency id and left the building. The evening hair gently caressed her face and the air never smelled sweeter. She was about to go on a date with a successful lawyer what could be better than that? And the best part was he was looking to settle down and find a wife. The driver got out of the limo and opened the back door. Tamera Hopped in nervous and smiling. Once inside she could smell the power musk smell of cologne and cigars filling the back seat of the limo. She looked over to him smiling and gave him a light hug. He looked her and froze. Tamera was nervous why he was not saying anything!? Finally he said…..

“Wow you are beautiful, I mean seriously you are gorgeous.” She began to blush feverishly and began to laugh.

“You are too handsome” she replied

Marcus had arranged for them attend a Japanese bathhouse for the night. The bath-house also had a restaurant in the very same building. He paid lots of money for a very special evening and wanted Tamera to experience all of it. After driving and talking for 45 minutes they finally arrived at the bath house. It was a beautiful building sitting firmly at the base of a sky scraper in downtown Atlanta.

Hours had gone by and the date was going smoothly. They covered all the usual subjects including career, children and marriage. Tamera felt like she was in a dream. She gently sipped on her wine the entire night and ate up every word Marcus spoke from his mouth. It was getting late and it was time to wrap up the date. They got back in the limousine and Marcus dropped Tamera off where he picked her up at, right in front of her condo. She felt like she was in another world with him. She slowly climbed the stairs and entered her apartment. She dropped her handbag and flopped on her sofa. She was tired but it was pleasant type of exhaustion, the kind she wasn’t use to.

Marcus had summoned her for a late night surprise on Valentine's Day. The text read...I got a surprise for you if you want it? , meet me at the park now.
She knew it would be good. She already had a good time with him, she could not fathom how it could get any better.
She put on her makeup, as elegantly and quickly as she could, she selected a new outfit and headed out, after feeding tootsie.
While at the park, she approached to see him sitting on a bench near a fountain dressed in a beautiful pen stripe suit. "What's the news babe...?" "I got a date planed for you in New York...we have no time come with me." He announced with pride and a sparkle in his eye.
She followed no question.
Marcus led her to an area on top of a building of a parking deck with a small plane waiting for them. She was on cloud nine, she asked no questions she wanted to savor the entire experience, she felt like it had been a long time waiting but she deserved it. The private plane flew them from Georgia to Manhattan in a matter of hours. When the plane landed, she could see the lights down below from up above in the descending craft.
Once they stepped out of the small luxurious plane, she could clearly see all the well -dressed wealthy looking people standing around. They all had mask apparently the theme was valentine masquerade ball. Marcus invited her into the vip section of the outside event, there they sipped wine from an expensive basket sitting in the middle of a golden table. They laughed and talked all night, sometimes about business sometimes about love and past relations. Marcus had even informed her that his ex-wife heather had been imprisoned for embezzlement and that's why he was single. She could wait to share her story about her cousin Pookie and his armed robbery charges. Six hours had passed and they were on a flight back home. "Did you have a good time, Marcus asked before giving her a peck on the cheek." "Of course," she said "tonight was unbelievable," she felt like she was already in love but she didn't want to come off too clingy. Before dropping her off at her door step, Marcus gifted

is sacrifice.' Engraved in diamonds. She was so thrilled at her gift she started to cry. All night, long after Marcus, left she wore the jewelry in the mirror, practicing what she would say on her next date.

The very next day she decided to prepare for her date with Dre west. She spent hours grooming and preparing for her fantasy date, the latter had already went well. She wasn't sure of what to expect but she was open minded. The clock struck 6:00 o'clock and she decided to pick up the phone to call her date. The phone rang softly for a few minutes and suddenly someone picked up the phone.
"Hello I'm looking for Dre West, I'm Tamera from the matchmaker service."
A woman answered sounding very angry. "Dre who? Not my husband and father of four kids Dre!? I Thank you got the wrong number sweetie. "I'm sorry, I got this number from a matchmaker service, and apparently Dre doesn't realize he's married no harm done."
Tamera hung up the phone in pure disgust. She never wanted to talk to him again. How could someone not mention they have an entire family? She was angry but she got over it fast, at least she still had Marcus to look forward to.

Over the course of the next few weeks she began to continue to see Marcus. They went on at least 5 different dates that went perfectly. She even sent the matchmakers a thank you letter. But during the course of seeing him strange things started to happen in her apartment, really strange things. Things that were mysterious and hard to explain. Often she would come in and her dog would be let outside. The stove would be on autopilot when she didn't even use it. The weirdest occurrences were the strange hand prints that often appeared on her mirrors and TV screens. She assumed it was building maintenance but she kept he eyes open just in case it wasn't. Strange things that kept her up at night

One cold night, she had begun to run her bath water after getting off the phone with her best friend Monique. She put a few used garments in the washing machine and began to walk towards the bath room. She picked up a small mirror to remove her eyelashes. When she lifted the mirror, she could see faintly the image of a tall man standing behind her. She panicked and turned around swiftly. She dropped the small hand held mirror and it cracked to pieces. There was no one there? Who in the hell did she just see standing behind her?

She grabbed a can of mace from her jewelry cabinet and a bat that her nephew left at her house and began to check the rooms in her condo. No one was there? It was both eerie and confusing to not find anyone.

The next day she decided to get a new security system installed. They installed it quickly and assured her no one would get past it undetected. It was expensive so she really was hoping it worked out. Late that evening she came home early. She opened the door to her apartment and was greeted by Tootsie. Everything seemed normal. She checked every room except the bedroom. When she crept into the bedroom she was introduced to a chilling and bizarre site, she saw a man there, standing boldly, holding the security camera in hand!

She screamed “what are you doing here? I’m so tired of these crackheads trying to steal something! Get a job for god sakes, I’m calling the police!” The man was wearing all black and a ski mask. He didn’t say a word. He looked up at her once, and then turned towards the corner of the room as if to flee. He walked slowly towards the mirror and just stood there. He suddenly jumped into the mirror in a flash of blue light and disappeared!!!!

She was speechless, stunned, flabbergasted and frozen in inextricable fear, she dropped her keys and began to shake. She ran into the living room to grab some vodka. She had to be hallucinating, she thought to herself. But there was one problem, her security camera

The next day she told herself she imagined it and that maybe she lost the camera unconsciously. She called Monique and told her what happened. She agreed it must be a hallucination of some kind due to being alone and stressed. The next night Tamera fell asleep on the couch. As she drifted off, she began to dream.

In the first part of the dream, she was sitting naked in her apartment on the sofa. The house was entirely black. It was cold and drafty, she could feel her legs freezing. Out of the corner of the room, a tall man appeared from the shadows wearing a ski mask. He looked familiar in a sinister way. He was the man she saw days ago, but in her dreams?

The man darted at her and began to scratch her, she screamed but her mouth wouldn't move. She ran for the door and it slammed in her face. She was trapped! The intruder walked towards her and pulled out a switch blade. Right before he could cut her, she awoke in a cold sweat gasping for air.

She was sweating really heavy. She ran to the bathroom and turned on the light. She could see the scratch marks he left on her arms? How was this possible? How could a dream leave physical marks? She stared at the scars in pure confusion.

Time went on and she kept the bad dreams to herself. She was having disturbing nightmares daily, for months, four months to be exact. On the other end, her encounters with Marcus were like a romance novel, she didn't want to ruin it with crazy stories.

On June first, Tamera had went to the doctor because she was starting to feel ill. She waited patiently in the break room for the doctor's response. When the doctor came out she came out with a smile, which confused Tamera profoundly.

"Ms. Hilton, we are pleased to inform you, that you are expecting, the morning sickness you are experiencing is due to the fact that you are pregnant!

"That's not possible she said, I have not been sexually active for months, this could not possibly be true."

“In a flash she realized the impossible, it must have been the mysterious dream intruder that impregnated her!!!!” she sat there astonished, and mesmerized. She couldn’t comprehend what was happening to her. She was now pregnant by an unknown person.

She called the next day to tell Marcus the devastating news, she knew it would ruin everything but she had to be honest, after-all, she was already hiding one secret, she used to be a stripper. When she picked up the phone he quickly answered.
She began to break the news slowly, then he abruptly he interjected before she could finish.
“Will you marry me Tamera??”
She was so excited she said yes before she could even think straight. When he asked her what her bad news was she declined to answer. She didn’t want to ruin the greatest moment of her life.

Tamera decided that she had needed a break. The idea of someone harassing her in her dreams was becoming too much. She began to think of things that she could do to make her feel alive again. She begin searching through her closet and uncovered a flyer from a week ago, given to her by a friend. The flyer was an invite to an elite fashion show. She began looking at her calendar to see if she would be able to make it. To her surprise she was free to go! She began preparing an outfit and began to wait on the weekend. She was excited again, for once in a long time. She wanted to meet new people. She needed a quick boost of adrenaline, she always loved the night life it was when she was her most intense self. Saturday came, and she found herself at the entrance of the fashion show. She greeted people she knew and eagerly awaited admittance.

Finally, she was in. music blared, fancy decorated tables formed a squared ring around the venue. Men and women dressed in the finest attire were everywhere, sexy was the theme and they were doing it well. People laughed and talked in high spirits consuming plenty of

“Oh my god, I so wanted to be you, when I was younger.”
“Thanks I guess, she said laughing to herself.” “I don’t want to bother you all night, but can I take a picture with you.”
“of course, she said’ the man stood beside her and snapped a photo, as soon as the camera flared, she noticed something out of the corner of her eyes, hoping she was wrong, but she wasn’t,
It was Dre-west from the dating sight. He immediately stared at her in return. She tried to hide but couldn’t.
“Hey, I know you don’t want to talk to me he said.” “Your right, I don’t, don’t play me like I’m stupid she said. She turned and walked away in disgust.
“Wait, they lied, I’m telling you, they lied, that was my ex-wife, and we don’t have children together”
The word lied was the only thing that caught her attention. She guiltily turned around to hear him speak. She was already with Marcuse but there was something about Dre west that was simply irresistible. He had a certain animal magnetism she could not ignore. Her mind was telling her no, but her body was telling her yes.
“Prove it, she said” “Let me, he said”
“How? She responded, I don’t have time for all this.” He searched into his pocket and pulled out his phone.
He checked into his email and held the phone up in front of her.
She squinted and lowered her champagne glass to look at the screen. The phone broadly displayed divorce documents with her name on the paperwork.
“It was over a year ago, I swear” “You sure, she said”
“One hundred percent, he replied”
She slowly began to listen, Dre pointed her to his table and they both sat down.
“I’m dating someone she said immediately.”

“She began to laugh, and took another sip of champagne.” He was charming but she knew what she was doing was wrong. She kept scrolling through her phone to see if Marcus was texting her.”

She was definitely feeling better, it was way better than being dream stalked. She suddenly began to feel dizzy.

“What’s wrong? Dre asked.

I have been feeling a little ill lately, she responded. I don’t know maybe it’s the ventilation in my house. Suddenly she started to feel really sick and threw up, it wasn’t sickness and she knew it

She was surging with guilt.

Let me take you to the hospital

Dre said. OK, why not.

They quickly left the fashion show and hit the highway. After thirty minutes of driving they began to pull up in a driveway to a gated mansion. What’s going on, she said. I know I said I would take to a hospital but, here me out I have something that can fix you right up.

She was not happy to be lied too, but it was a chance to be alone with Dre, she decided to just go with it. They walked up the cobblestone drive way into his beautiful home.

She sat quickly on the sofa while Dre went into the kitchen. He returned shortly after with a large cup of warm tea.

“What’s this?” she said

“It’s a sacred African tea by grandmother use to make. Try it” I was never sick as a kid and this is why.”

She took few sips of the tea that had a really bitter flavor, but she did it to make Dre happy. In a matter of minutes, she felt brand new. She was shocked at how potent it really was.

“Wow that was actually great”

“I told you, he said smiling ear to ear” “Now let’s continue with our date, he said”

“Who said this was a date she said before laughing”

After a matter of minutes, he was back, and shirtless”
“Come on Dre, I said this was not a date she said smiling devilishly”
No problem I just wanted to do something nice for you, he slowly walked forward and sat down on a beautiful expensive piano. He began to play beautifully. And then he begins to sing:
She melted at the sound of his beautiful voice. He played for nearly ten minutes. She was smitten it was over. He crawled towards her and landed on the sofa and landed right next to her.
He turned on the television but she couldn’t concentrate. She just kept staring at his body. She was in lust and she knew it. She suddenly felt something nibbling or her neck and chill went up her spin, at this point resistance was futile, she had surrendered. He grabbed her face and turned her head and stuck his tongue down her throat. He laid her down and they made love for an hour before falling asleep.

At 3:00 A.M she received a text from Marcus. He attempted to call but she blocked the number. She gently slipped out of Dre’s arms and tip toed to the bathroom so she could text. Marcus just wanted to know if she was home, he had been working late and ordered some takeout, he wanted to spin some time with her. “I’m not home, she texted.” I spent the night at Monique’s house after going to the fashion show.
Maybe next time he replied, I understand. She was filled with relief, the reality that she was dating someone had overtaken her fantasy.

The next morning, she awoke to the smell of bacon, She Sashayed into the kitchen, Dre had prepared a breakfast feast.
He hugged her from behind. She loved his embrace, but it felt so right and wrong at the same time. They both said their goodbyes after eating and parted ways. She got a taxi to take her back to her car at the venue. The entire way home she felt confused. She felt like she loved them both equally.

Later that evening she needed to do some

escape it. After trailing behind it for near twenty minutes, the truck suddenly stopped and she bumped into hit.
“Oh, no I don’t have time for a wreck”
Frustration took over in minutes
“Were the hell, did you get your license, Stevie wonder academy she said before laughing in frustration?”
Contrary to what she expected, the man did not get out to inspect the wreck, which she thought was odd.
Suddenly the doors sprang open. Dropping dead chickens on her windshield. Blood and feathers were everywhere, she screamed in horror for a few seconds then caught her breath. When she slowed down she noticed something truly startling
The blood formed a pattern on her winds shield she could clearly see the words:

Marcus?

She was now afraid and mystified. She snapped a picture so that she would be able to show Monique later. She continued on to the grocery store and continued to shop, but she was clearly disturbed. When she returned home she texted the picture to Monique. Monique responded in a matter of minutes “ I could have told you that, I thought he seemed weird anyway” “it definitely looks like his name I’m not sure what to say, she replied.

The next day the guilt had become too extreme. She had decided that she needed to confess. She dialed Marcus and waiting for him to respond. His receptionist answered the phone and put her on old. Those five minutes were the hardest five minutes of her life.
He finally answered.
“What’s up babe, what’s on your mind?”
“I know you want to marry me and the answer is yes, but I have a confession to make ……. She pause for a few moments and said in a watery voice, I had sex with someone else yesterday, I know it was wrong but I love you.”
“You are kidding right?” “No I’m serious”

“You got some nerve, calling me at work to tell me something like this, are you serious?”
“It’s over, don’t worry about the wedding, it’s over”
The phone suddenly hangs up. She was left phone in hand with a face full of tears, she tried for months calling him after that and had no results. His number had changed and she had no idea where he really live, they always met at her place.

After months of trying, she finally decided to move on. Although Marcus was gone the dreams continued. Her bond with Dre was getting deeper, but it did not stop the string of bad luck that she was experiencing after departing from Marcus.

One day Tamera decided to take a visit to a cannabis shop. It was late in the evening so she was naturally reluctant but, she needed something to relax her stress and guilt. AT 6:46 she arrived at the cannabis shop and went inside. She had been to the store many times and knew the owner personally. There was nothing strange to notice, she made her usual purchase and waved goodbye. After leaving the store. She noticed a homeless man begging for change and quickly declined.
“Sorry, not right now, maybe later’
The homeless man didn’t look happy. In a matter of minutes, she noticed she was trailing behind her. After a while she started to run. He began to run as well. She jumped in the car and slammed the door. Her car had automated locks. Her heart was pounding as she tried to look for her phone.
The man beat on her wind shield repeatedly screaming, “how could you do this to me, were about to be married I loved you,” the words sent a chill down her spine. For a moment or two he looked like Marcus, then he stepped back into the light and his face returned to the normal appearance of the homeless man. She sped off up the street, she now believed that she was cursed, and on some level she felt like she deserved it.

That evening she decided that maybe she need to relocate. She figured that if she relocated that maybe the trauma and mysterious events would stop. She took a visit to the bank to check all of her assets before she made the decision. She also wanted to contact Dre so that he would be aware of her new location. She dialed up Dre and he answered immediately.

“I’m moving soon, I can’t take this neighborhood anymore, seriously. I have already picked out a new house. 2225 Sycamore drive.” She seemed dis-shoveled.

“Cool, what’s going on, why move now Dre asked?”

She was hesitant to tell the truth but she couldn’t take it anymore.”

I don’t want to sound wacky, but this house is haunted, I keep having bad dreams, someone is coming into my home at night and I have had this weird unbelievable stroke of bad luck, I mean, this has been happening for an entire year, I came here to retire not talk to the dead.”

“No I don’t think you’re crazy, my grandmother is from the islands I’ve heard a lot of weird stories like this.”

“I mean, we can figure it out together, you should have told me earlier.” She was shocked at his response,

“Sorry, I didn’t want to pull you into all of this mess”

“You know what, I got an ever better idea, why don’t you move in with me, I own my house you don’t have to pay anything”

“She was floored and then paused”

“Well I guess that’s not a bad idea, she was happy at the idea of seeing Dre Daily.”

“It’s a yes”

“great he responded”, he was noticeably excited, pack your stuff I will swing buy tomorrow with a truck to pick you up.”

The conversation ended shortly after. That night she slept comfortably knowing she was going to live with Dre. She had a sense of peace the entire night. The next morning, she packed up her dogs and only the essentials. Her condo was put up for sell by her lawyer.

She was now an official resident of the Dre-west mansion. Another month went by and the bad dreams returned. One night she was on the couch and she drifted off the sleep again after sipping some wine. She suddenly found herself dreaming in a dark house again. This time she was in chains. And her mouth was taped with duct tape. She heard a door slam in the background and she heard heavy footsteps approaching her again. The same evil mad man appeared right before her this time he was wielding scissors and a candle. He began to cut locks of her hair as she screamed and kicked energetically. He took the hot candle and slowly dripped wax on her hands until she screamed. The pain was real, but how and why? Tears began to roll down her face as the mysterious invader began laughing at her anguish. He then pulled out a large blade and slowly began to raise it in the air as if to give her a fatal wound. Right before the cut could land, she awoke screaming and in tears.

Breaking point

Tamera hilton was at a lost for ideas. What on earth could she possibly to thwart the evil visits at night, from the unknown entity. Now that she knew that they were for hire, who on earth could be the person who had, pitted them against her. She began combing through her thoughts and one name came to mind, Camille johnson, she used to work for tamera at the club in her managment years, Camille often complained about how Tamera treated her like property and not an employee, Camille was finally fired over an incident with a guy, who camille, thought was going to ask to marry her. Camille and Tamera used to be roomates and the budding friendship quickly turned to an excessive rivalry.

In two weeks, Tamera had been informed that Pookie and his accomplice Andre would be getting out. Pookie owed her big for all those years of commissary and holiday visits. Shamefully, she decided that the answer

Pookie called Tamera. It was at this point she decided to proposition him. She decided to give he and his accomplice Andre three thousand dollars a peice, and a gig at her old club in exhange for a dirty deed. At first Pookie was hesitant, He had just got out. He didnt want to risk being thrown right back in to the big house. He was afraid but he did trust his cousin and appreciated her years of support. He felt like he didnt have a choice. She knew the police cheif in the area, there was no way he would get convicted, in addition that she reminded him her new boyfriend owned a law firm. She simply wanted them to scare her into confessing and or stopping. She didnt want any harm to come to her, she didnt want to do anytime herself. Friday night at 7:45 pm. Pookie and Andre arrived at Camilles address in a black surburban. They both hopped out like sting operation, full adrenaline and fear. They approached her porch and rang the doorbell. “amazon delivery.” “amazon, what the?” andrea whispered to pookie, you didnt say nothing about acting. “just follow the lead fool.” Camilla approached the door from the inside. And looked out the peephole. “I didnt order no package, you got the wrong house.” They both looked suspicious to her, one was tall wearing a black t-top and he was layered in tattoos. She could see the long cornrolls hanging from the bottom of his ski-mask. Andre didnt look andy better it looked like he was wearing a bullet proof vest. “she knew they were up to no good.” She whipped out her phone, and they could hear the dialing from the other side.” Thats when pookie panicked, he kicked the door several times knocking it off the hinges and then finally forces his way in. When they entered camille screamed and they ordered her to close her mouth. Using a gun Pookie ordered Camille to sit down on the couch. “Is anybody else here, Pookie asked.” “yea my son, hes sleep.”

“How old is he?” “he’s only six.” “good” Andre interjected. “We are here because word around the street is that you got a problem with Tamera Hilton.” “ A little birdy told

“prove it!” Andre
commanded. “Well, I can,
just lower the gun,”
Sweaty and terrified she pointed at the cabinet
under the tv. “um, reach into the cabinet over
there.”
“why, you better not be trying to trick us.”
“no, it’s my proof, I got medical papers from the hospital, I have been in hospital for a year due to an accident. How would I have time to order a hit on some one.” ‘Andre handed the papers to Pookie.”
After deliberating with Tamera over the phone in the bathroom, they were cleared to leave. They were paid and given a job as promised.

She didnt have any problems from camille like she thought she would. She was apparently scared senseless.

Tamera felt guilty, but that was the only person who would send someone after her. Pookie and Andre were cleared of any problems like she promised them, the police chief in the area was her godfather and the local policemen all knew her and her family. Her love for dre-west was creating personas her mind she didnt know she had. She was now breaking the law to hold on to her dream guy.

That night Dre west was up drinking late. He turned on the game and eventually fell asleep instantly. As he drifted asleep, he slowly began to dream. In the dream he was rolling into the driveway of his mansion at night. He opened the gates and stepped out onto the front porch. The house was dimly lit. He slowly pushed the door open to an empty house. He wondere where was his furniture, his art, his dogs, evertying was gone. He ran up stairs to see if tamera was gone as well. The master bedroom was empty as well. He finally open the balcony and looked out at the shining moon. Despair and gloom filled him. Echoing in the back ground. He heard a distinct noise like someone mumbling. He turned around in a sensitized fright. In the corner of the room stood a tall man dressed in all black, ominous, impossing and out of place. Dre knew it meaned trouble. He immediately

scratch at the mans eye hole in the mask. The man soon released him. They both rose to their feet. Dre struck the man several times with the bannister rail. The large intruder grew angry. He grabbed Dre by the throat lifting him several feet of the ground. He then walked the struggling dre to the open doors of the balcony. There in the mist of night, Dre hang off a balcony far above the ground dangling for his life. The astroplaner began to laugh. “not so tough huh.” He mumbled. He then dropped dre off the balcony! In a matter moments dres fate had come to reality. Luck was on his side. He landed in the swimming pool a few feet from teh hard pavement fo the pool area. Swimming and gasping for air, he looked up at the balcony to see a man standing ther holding some type of symbol and then a sudden tumultuous shining of blue firey light, he just disappeared. Shortly after Dre awoke distrought, wet and reeling with pain.

Dre called Tamera early the next day and shared his encounter. She was now more stressed than ever, the invader was still attacking Dre and there was nothing she could do to help him or her relationhip.Later that day, she received an email lead from a guy claiming to be victim of astroplaners, earlier that month she she had posted an online add for anwers about her situation.

Bloody shower

The next day Tamera was experiencing a very casual day. Things seemed to be tame unlike the usual. Tamera slowly turned on her large flat screen televsion hanging from the ceiling and flipped towards the weather channel. Before she could get there she noticed loud raind and thunder on the oppsoite side of the window. It was a reminder that she needed to stay in the house and relax for once, instead of burderning her self with old chores and unpaid bills. “oh well, I guess Iam staying in” she

thought to herself.” Tamera walked to her closet and pulled out her usual toiletres, she figured she could use a warm hot shower, after all she had jogged that day earlier and desperately needed to bathe. By seven thirty Tamera was in the shower. Her clothes hanged from the shower rack and her dog frequently scratched on the bathroom door. After three minutes of slowly caressing herself with a sponge she was now deepley entranced with the warm rich waters of her faucet. In the back ground, Tamera eeirly heard the sound of the door crack and open. She slowly stopped bathing and stopped and listened, she even turned the showerhead on low. It sounded like someone twisting the door knob! Fightened she asked, “tootsie baby is that you?” “is that you baby?” the dog didnt make a sound. She then heard the door open totally. Throught the stain glass of the thick shower door, she saw a tall broad shouldered figure enter the bathroom! Stunned she didnt say anything as the person stood there in the door way and slowly walked into the bath room and stopped in front of the shower door. She held her breath while chills cascaded down her spine. She grabbed a loose rod that sat in the window. It was sharp and hard. She slowly and quietly pulled it close to her. She finally snapped and screamed. “What do you want from meeeee!” The man said nothing. He slowly began to start raking his fingers across the thick glass back and forth. In an almost affectionate way. He finally responded under his breath “DIE” and began to spell D-I-E on the glass in blood. She screamed again and fell down in the shower and began crying and shaking. The man then pulled out a kitchen knife and began stabbing at the glass. At this time Tamera was estatic. She began trying to open the small bathroom window and crawl through it though she knew it was a two story drop to the ground. Before she could get her body in, she soon realized that this entire traumatic experince was bad dream. She found herself on the sofa, sweating and gasping for air, she was wet as if she was taking a shower. When she awoke She realized that Dwayne the security guard was pounding on her door. She must have screamed in her sleep. It all seeme so real her heart was

no immediate answer. She was now a true victim in the saftey of her own home.

Her next couple of months at Dre West house were like heaven, but she occasionally had bad dreams. They were not stopping simply because she had moved. On the good side her hair care business was flourishing without end. She even had to hire a new assistant “Tan” to handle the business while she battled with her unique problem.

One night Tamera and Dre, had come back early from a night at the movies. They hung their coats up at the door and continued to the bedroom. They were both tired. Dre fell asleep instantly fully dressed. Tamera sat up looking out of the window wondering when this nightmare would end. She loved Dre but she simply wished she could delete her past with Marcus. After sipping a bottle of wine for hours she eventually started to fall asleep. While dreaming, she found herself on a beach with beautiful white sand, Dre was next to her looking as handsome as ever. Ripped and tanned he laid there grazing in the sun wearing large dark shades. She picked up a glass a wine and enjoyed the ocean view and the glamorous sun, suddenly she heard food steps walking up behind her they sounded heavy. She saw a shadow slowly appear out of the corner of her eye. There was a large masked man wearing a ceremonial uniform approaching from behind. Before she could scream, he grabbed Dre from behind and started to strangle him. Dre slowly started to stop moving. Tamera panicked and assaulted the man with the beach chair until he stopped. In a flurry they both awoke sweating. Dre was holding his neck in pain. They both had been having the exact same dream. Dre was also affected by because he was sleeping next to her. “Are you ok baby? She asked Dre?

“Yeah I think so, I was having this weird dream, I was on the beach with you and we were living it up, and then this strange priest looking dude snuck up on me from behind and started strangling me.” “Before I knew it I woke up.” “The strange thing is, the pain is fucking real.”

Through the ordeal Tamera and Dre’s relationship grew deeper. He even invited to her to meet his children and mother on his birthday. August first, Tamera was out shopping as usual. She stopped by the mall again and bought some soaps and cleaning materials. It was a really smooth day smoother than she had become accustomed to with the bad dreams. Finally, she was out the large shopping complex and on her way back to her car. When she slammed the door, she immediately received a text message. The message was from Dre’s mother. It read:

Dre is in the hospital, emergency come quick!
She was shocked and terrified. She knew the dream intruder must have been stalking him again, he was relentless and sadistic. She could only imagine what happened. She got on the, express route and rushed to the hospital. When she arrived, she was greeted by a small old nurse that led her to his room. When she entered he was stable. She ran to his bed, what happened? “It’s a crazy story, I was at the gym with my boy, and the machine I was using mysteriously broke on me, the strange part is the machine was brand new, that’s what the people at the gym told me. So the machine basically malfunctioned and I hurt my arm.” “The crazy thing is babe, I looked in the mirror and I saw the same dude from my dream in the gym mirror.” “Are you sure?” Tamera asked. “Yes, no doubt.” Tamera stayed by his side for the entire month he was in the hospital, bringing him takeout against the doctor’s wishes, often having sex with him in the hospital bed when the nurses were off on the late night shift.
She was dedicated to not losing her new man, he was her dream come true. The problem was she was not sure what she could actually do to stop the invader, it wasn’t

Early one Saturday morning Tamera recieved an email from an add they she had posted promising a two-thousand dollar reward to anyone with answers on the culprits of this act of malicious stalking and haunting.

The email claimed that the the astroplaners had a headquaters down in savannah georgia. Intrigued and uttlerly curious, Tamera called monique and asked her if she wanted to travel down to savanna to investigate or plead with them to be released.
Monique decided to go with her given one condition, that she paid for the hotel room monique had recently lost her job at the salon.
Tamera and monique spent all hours on the highway down to savannah befor checking into a hotel. The next day google led them the location of the astroplaner headquaters, they slowly rolled into the lot of what looked like a funeral home. “skeptical and weirded out monique didnt even want to touch the door.” “you knock, she said frightfully.” They both knocked on the gothic looking door, of what looked like a cross between an old funeral home and plantation.
“who is it,” and old woman answered on the other side.
“we just have some questions, Tamera shouted through the door.”
The old lady slowly cracked open the aging door. “how may I help you.” “I just wanted to know if this is some type of cult,?’
Monique looked at Tamera, thats the best way you could word that?” “I’m tired of pretending I need answers and fast.”
“cult, we are a funeral home baby, aint, no cult here.”
Both girls, noticed she didnt want to crack the door all they way so that they would see what was happening on the other side.
“What are you hiding ?”
“I dont have to hide nothing lady you the one rang on my door.” Tamera began to push on the door, the old lady began to push back. A tug of war soon began.
Monique and Tamera eventually won. The door burst

“what in the hell is this?’ Tamera said “ i thought you said this wasnt a cult. The old woman began to push them out, they eventually grabbed her and through her in the closet before locking it. She kicked and cursed and threatend with every bad word in the english language. Tamera and Monique decided to give them selves a house tour. The entire house was a normal funeral home except the main room. It did look as if several people were actually living at the funeral home. They found themselves back in the mainroom.
“who are those people sleep in the coffins?’ Vampires? Monique asked “no, Tamera said, something stranger astroplaners.”
Next to the main alter there laid a large black leather book lable “The list.” Tamera grabbed the book immediately and flipped through its wordy pages, finally she could not believe what she saw, her name was listed Tamera denise Hilton, with the words price thirty eight thousand next to her name. Stunned and appauled she dropped the book to the ground. “hey look at this, this freaky monique exclaimed.”
Tamera turned to look, monique stuck her hand in one of the coffins And was stopped by a weird blue layr of wavy light that covered the body.” “It’s like they are in some type of supernatural sleep, like sleeping beauty or something like that.” “how are they killing people this way.” “it’s call outer body experience girl, i have been learning about this for one year.”
I think they evolved to a point where they are able to project their thoughts and spiritual bodies out into the atmosphere or something like that, and i guess they enter our house sometype. Of way.”
“i dont get it said monique.” “in lamens terms, when they go to sleep they become like ghost and they go out and haunt and torture people to suicied for pay.” “ok make sense, when you say it like that .”
The girls had seen enough, they slowly crept out of the house and slammed the door. They rushed to the car and took off. The last thing they wanted was to be charged with kidnapping of an elderly woman and

get any more complicated than they already were. Thirty eight thousand, who hated her enough to pay that much she had lots to hink about.

Dre grew irritable after a while, the stalking the fear and the malice of the dream invader was too much to bare. He loved Tamera but the constant paranormal activity began to affect hi work and ability to sleep. He decided he needed a break from Tamera. He went on 3 week trip to the Bahamas to heal from all of the emotional trauma caused by the incident. Tamera didn't like the idea, she feared that he would leave for good. She didn't want to lose her dream man. She had to do something. Over the course of his vacation she tried everything that she could. She bought special artifacts to ward off evil spirts, she tried sleep therapy devices and even called a séance medium who communicated with the dead.

Myra was a 72- year old grandmother who performed séances in her spare time. She often worked for small fees. On a rainy Saturday night, Myra and Tamera prepared for a séance session. They cleared her dining room table and Myra covered it with a special type of protected cloth. She pulled out a candle and began to meditate. Tamera didn't know what to expect she just hoped Myra could provide some type of answer as to what was happening with her and Dre. It wasn't long before Myra was in a trance.

"The spirit is present in this room I require silence' she said in a low monotone deep voice
He is old.….as he is handsome
He is wise…. and he is cruel
He is…….determined to silence you, as a debt
Karmic debt."
Tamera looked on in disbelief astonished and still slightly skeptical He was sent by an adversary, a close ally, a snake in the shadows "Who? Myra, Tell me who? Tamera asked."

“What is his name Tamera asked I will see about her right now, I’m not scared ?” “He will not say, he is sworn to an oath of creed if thousands of years.” Myra said.
“Myra began to shake, and then relaxing a calm came over her.”
“That’s it, she said, I lost my connection.” The entity has returned to the other side and is no longer with us.
Tamera was satisfied, and full of adrenaline and awe, she had more answers than she had before and she was now a fan of pshycic mediums. After the session was over, Tamera treated Myra to a home cooked dinner, and Myra who had been married for thirty years gave her additional relationship advice. She enjoyed Myra’s company to such an extent she didn’t want her to leave, but she eventually did. Tamera paid her well and walked her to her car.

She now had a lot to think about. Who would send a spirit after her? She had many enemies. A lot of women at the strip club did despise her for her success. What Myra told her opened up a whole new chapter in her mind.
Later that night, she lay on the sofa with the dogs and began to watch her favorite show “Wendy Williams.” In the middle of the hot topics, part of the show she began to drift asleep. This time she was sleeping well. She then started began to dream again, this time she was on an alter dressed in a all-white silk gown, Dre was standing next to her smiling. She knew what was happening and she was excited, Dre leaned into kiss hear and say “I do” then before her lips could touch hers, she hear a loud shattering noise in the background. She woke up instantly holding her ears in pain. She looked around the house as the dogs began barking. She walked into the kitchen to see several wine bottles shattered on the floor! How could it have happened she thought to herself there was no one in the house and the dogs could not have reached them? She knew it had to be the malevolent dream invader this time causing chaos in the physical world. He may have been angered that she and Myra tried to communicate.

The three weeks was over, Dre returned relaxed and

knew what it meant and she was trilled, the answer was yes before he could even ask the question. But there was more unsettling feelings, she had not stopped the bad dreams, she loathed the fact that her marriage could be ended early if she did not stop the strange events from happening to them both.

After the hospital ordeal, and her meeting with Myra, she called Monique and told her all about her horrible situation with Dre. Monique made a profound statement that changed the hold situation. Monique insinuated Marcus had something to do with it because the mysterious encounters started after she met him. She quickly hung up the phone and went into emotional shock. She didn't want to believe the man she was about to marry was some type of dreamtime killer.

Late that evening after working online for her haircare business, Dre's dogs had kept her up all night long.

She decided to research the man she had met a year ago. Hours went by, and she found nothing other than information about contracts and architecture. On the corner of the screen, she saw something called the "JESUITS" it was a mysterious website that had Marcus picture at the top of the page as the leader! She read for hours. The site indicated that the "JESUITS" were a religious cult who claimed to be Astro-plane killers for hire. The site explained that Astro-plane killers were a group of people who can have outer body experiences at will and enter the dreams or minds of people that they have been sent to kill. They could not kill directly; the victim must commit suicide from stress. The Astroplaners must creep into the lives of the victim pretending to be lover friends or business people, when they have infiltrated the person's mind that's when they nightmares begin. She dropped her coffee on the ground. The hot liquid splashed up the side of her leg. She was speechless and horrified simultaneously.

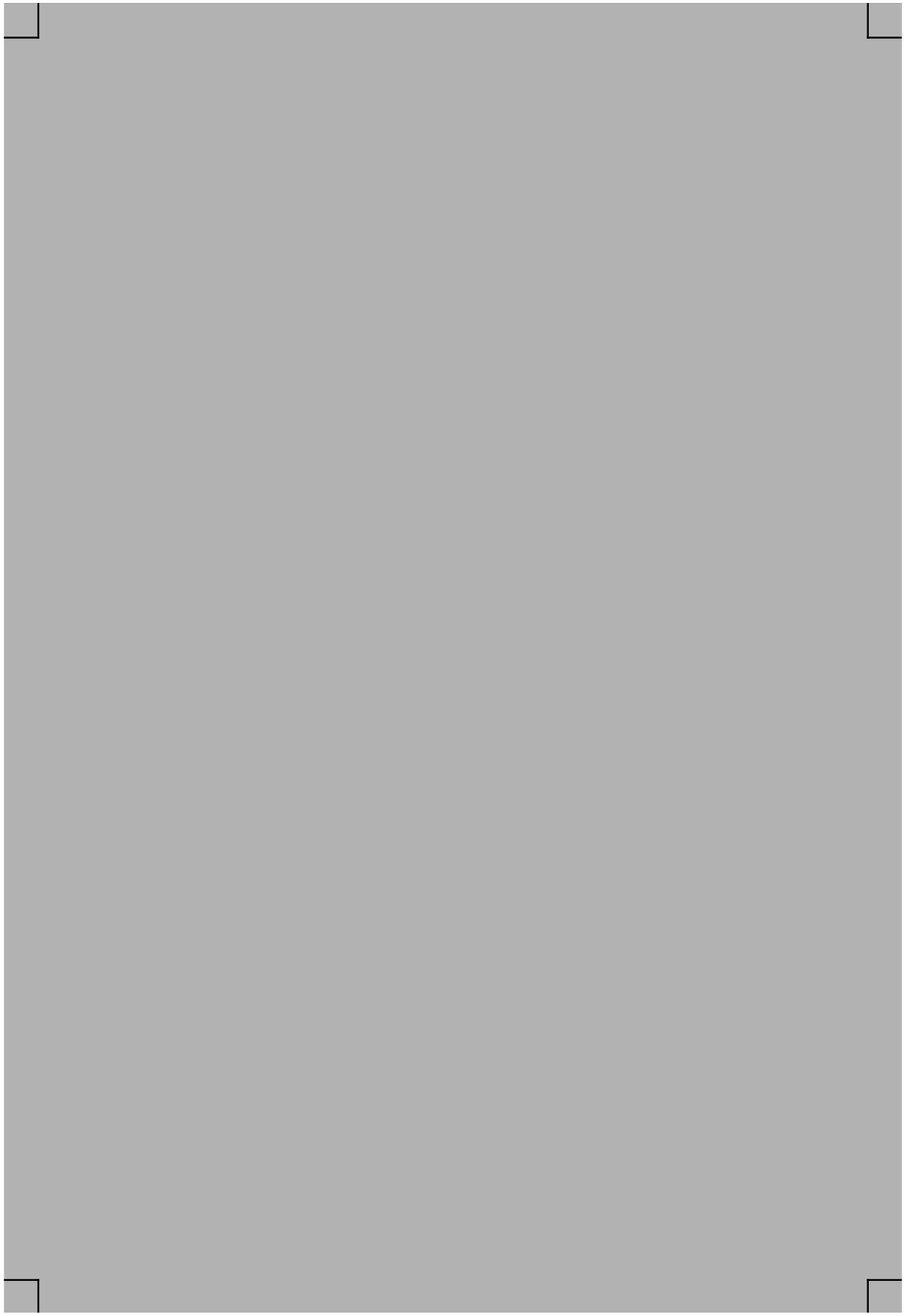
The night was long. She was now afraid to go to sleep.

called the light workers. In the article, a survivor of Astro-plane killers explained how to stop them.
On the site there was detailed description of what they were.
“The Astro-planers are relentless and merciless; they are sent to kill for pay. They are a demonic cult that has existed through the ages undetected its members are immortal demons and they will never be caught. When a victim is selected a crystal that allows them to enter the victim’s dreams has been implanted into the victim’s fingers. If the victim wants to rid themselves of their terror, they must remove the crystal and destroy all mirrors in the home. The Astro-planers travel through the mirror world to enter the victim’s house. The mirror is the gate way into a person’s home. “
She didn’t hesitate to believe it. She accepted it as instant truth.
She was used to dealing with angry patrons at the strip club, not dream killers. This was all new to her. This was all strange but she never doubted that there were things that lurk in the shadows that we cannot explain. The more disturbing question was who would put a hit out on her life. She had many enemies she was the talent manager at the strip club in her last years at the club, she fired many dancers at that time, and it could have been one of them. It only confirmed what Myra was saying.

Early Sunday morning she went to the doctor to get an x-ray with Dre- west by her side. To her shock, there was a tiny black crystal deep into her index finger. It was all true! She could not believe it. Everything started to spiral in, all at once. She immediately went home and shattered all of her mirrors in Dre’s house with his permission. She traveled through the house room by room shattering each mirror with a baseball bat. Each time she could feel a surge of adrenaline and peace run through her sorrowed body. The last and final mirror was in the attic. She went stormed up -stairs bat in hand. There was one beautiful mirror left. It was a life sized antique trimmed in gold. She stood in front the mirror with pride and hope and held the bat backwards. When she motioned to swing.

could see tears rolling down his face. Could it be? Was the man sent to kill her, falling in love, she paused in confusion for a moment and still swung the final swing. The mirror shattered on the floor and she fell to floor crying. The nightmare was finally over.

Months later she invited her childhood pastor, pastor Robert, to pray over her home in case the demonic cult of dark entities decided to return, which to her delight they never did . She called Fantasy matchmakers to report him only find out that they didn’t actually exist. The numbers were fake as well as the address and physical location. She also called the FBI to Get the monster Marcus convicted. Upon calling for an hour, she quickly found out that the number had been disconnected. But she still had one problem that remained, she was pregnant and it was starting to show, she had hid it for as long as she could.



Chapter Three: Story Three

JENNY

It was business as usual. A long hot day at the pathetic call center Jenny called a job. Endless calls and complaints from downright crazy and disgruntle customers from all over the world filled the air of the 15,000 square foot facility at the Amazon return center while the sound of cheap fans filled the background. She often wondered how in the hell she ended up working there so long. It was a horrible job no true benefits a cruel and awful boss Mr. John, and a Tiny cubicle she could barely fit in, she had worked her way up to assistant manager but there were no real benefits, they were all limited and only half of the amount her boss was getting even though she had more industry experience, despite all the woes Jenny had gotten used to it, after all she had been there 17 years. Finally, the clock struck 4:30. She sighed deeply and took a breath. “I am so done with this shit, I swear,” she mumbled under her breath. “They trying to work me to death today.” “They keep playing I will end up cashing in my 401k and bounce on they ass.” Her co-worker leaned over across the cubicle and laughed. “I hear you girl,” “I was thinking the same thing.” She said validating Jenny’s plight. “No seriously, I refused to keep doing all this extra stuff because people are calling in, this is all just plain crazy.” If John The district manager want higher volume of work done he need to stop being so cheap and hire some more damn people instead of working the veteran workers like me and you like Hebrew slaves girl!” They both continued to laugh as Jenny begin to put her stuff away for the day. She was absolutely thrilled to see it was time to go. It was time to cram her near four hundred pound body into her ford escort and go home. The car really needed work and she noticed as she walked towards the crowded parking lot. Her budget wouldn’t allow her to get all the

The endless drive down the freeway seemed to take forever due to a broken air conditioner she vowed to fix but never had the time to, instead she opted out for just rolling down all the windows and keeping an ice cooler from the job in the back seat so that she could grab a little ice at every other traffic light. It was sweltering hot and she seemed to get hotter by the second sweat rolled down her back as she raced around cars to beat traffic. At five forty five Jenny slowly arrived in the narrow drive way of her small two story home in the ghetto. It didn't look like much but she owned it, and to her that was all that mattered. The neighborhood was known for violent gangs but had generally became tamer over the years.

She was immediately greeted by her best friend Samson upon walking in, she noticed mud and boot prints were in the doorway on the mats and it was big pet peeve of hers. Samson was a large orange cat that she had for at least 6 years he was lazy but lovable. He was Jenny's best and only friend lately it seemed as her bestie Bernice had moved away to California for a Job offer. "Honey I'm home Jenny announced, where you at!" As she entered the living room sweating and rushing to the ac box to turn it on in addition to clicking on the ceiling fans from below. She was startled by the sheer unadulterated number of beer cans and cigarette packages scattered across the floor, it looked as if a party had just happened and she wasn't invited. The smell of weed and scented tobacco was so intense that she got high just by walking into the house. It was masked by the smell of incents but they didn't really do a great Job at hiding the smell "Laquan you ass hole, I told you to smoke outside, you know I got bad lungs I can't keep breathing in all this stuff, and a matter of fact when when the last time you washed your clothes baby, it stinks in here. She knew it had to be her husband Laquan Lee she called him LL for short. Drunk, high, jobless and abusive he was no woman's fantasy he was more of a parasite than a boyfriend. It couldn't possibly be anyone else responsible for it, he was the source of most Jenny's pain

LL?” She said. Laquan had lost his attraction to Jenny years ago and he was not shy about it. She was 220 lbs. when they first met and he loved her he was more attentive then, however after the unexpected death of her mother and father she just kept growing food was her comfort zone and she wasn’t shy about it. He was not shy at openly fat shaming her and making her feel worthless. Jenny knew her weight was a problem but she didn’t have time to do anything about it. She was always working because he wouldn’t. “Did my package arrive? Jenny said” “Yeah” Laquan said. “They dropped off that home shopping network shit in the backyard earlier this morning.”

Jenny rushed to the back yard with excitement. She was overrun with joy and enthusiasm. Finally the savings and budgeting and prayer had paid off. She hadn’t been this happy about anything in a really long time. She began to pry open the large crate quickly with pure anticipation removing the plastic casing and pulling the out the instruction book wrapped in plastic. Most of the instructions were in Japanese so she decided to just figure it out on her own using google and her I phone. Finally, she could see it clearly! There it was! ‘The Grill Master 6000!’ A walk in grill that could cook any type of meat in minutes. It was a technological marvel some thought it would replace chefs in the future.

“Now this what I am talking about!” Jenny said smiling ear to ear. She begin to dance and twerk and grabbed a sip of ice tea to replenish herself. It could produce the finest of smoked barbecue meats and jerkies at the push of a button, and most significantly, it was solar powered! It could be powered without a traditional cord, although one was present for backup. The entire grill was programmed with A.I- ‘artificial intelligence’ and it could even sense what kind of meat was present. She even paid 500 bucks for a ten -year warranty. The Grill Master 6000 was equipped with an advanced digital cooking assistant call Brian. Brian stood for “best, reliable, intelligent, accurate, network.”

thousands of recipes, spoke 12 languages, could hold conversations with dinner party guest and even play music for events like a dj.

Jenny had saved up for this thing for months. She even maxed out two credit cards to finish the payments. At 8,343 dollars it seemed to be worth the cost. Jenny loved cooking shows and attended many tasting events. Her belated mother was chef and Jenny had learned to cook from her.
Her barbeque chili recipe had even won 5 different cooking awards. She hadn't bought her self-anything in years. Between the high utilities and the car notes, there was very little money left to spend on herself. Months ago she secretly decided to save in a private account to get herself the ultimate reward. After all, she had earned it. Her husband refused to work and she was doing it all by herself.

The next morning Jenny received a phone call. She had been sadly informed that her grandmother Ruth had died. She sat down with her husband, flabbergasted and overwhelmed, and told him that she had to leave town to attend a funeral for her grandmother. "My grandmother passed, she went in her sleep. It looks like I will be attending the funeral soon, so I may be leaving town. Can you handle things while I'm gone" she said in a regretful tone? He didn't seem to care. "Go, have fun" he said in unconcerned non empathetic response. Confused at his response, she paused and sighed and then instructed him to leave her cat in his cage until she returned and told him to feed him daily. She would be gone for at least 12 days.

The next day at noon, Jenny got up and got in her car. She closed the car door and turned on the radio. She was grief stricken and didn't want to be seen by any neighbors. She put on her shades and black hat and pulled out of the drive way. The entire ride was morbid. She just kept reminiscing about how her grandmother

Jenny pulled the car towards the freeway with wind blowing the tears from her face. She turned on the radio and and a song by Toni Braxton played at low volume. After an hour of cruising down the busy freeway numb and shocked, the exit finally said Baton Rouge and she got off on the nearest exit. She continued to drive up the long road to her grandmother's house. Familiar sights brought back memories but it just wasn't the same. She knew this time that old rosy smile of her sweet old grandmother would not greet her anymore, and that she would never have her old bingo buddy back.

Jenny pulled into the driveway and saw her relatives standing there motionless a drab feeling of sorrow stained the day. They were dressed in all black, handkerchief in hand. They all rushed to greet her and hug her, because Ruth was loved by all of them. They knew what kind of pain she must have been in. Her uncle approached her and began to speak humbly "I'm so glad you're here, I'm sorry you found out so late" "late?" Jenny said "what do you mean" "well she was dead 2 months ago" her uncle said. I talked to your husband over the phone he said he would tell you." Jenny was devastated. She had been working so hard that she didn't even notice that her grandmother was dead. What was worse, was that her husband knew and didn't care to say anything.

After attending a long sad funeral full of mourning and fond memories, Jenny returned to her hotel room and began to think, seriously think about how cruel could a person be to know someone's grandmother is dead and not say anything? She was good to him, she gave him everything he wanted and more and he still didn't respect her, not even a little. She laid in bed feeling distraught and hopeless. "Bastard!!" she screamed before erupting in tears.

She spent all night in the hotel flipping from channel to channel crying every time something reminded her of her grandmother. She decided to purchase a bottle of wine from the corner store and sipped on it endlessly

She finally got herself together and began to pack her bags from the hotel room. She had texted Laquan several time and he didn't seem to answer any of her text. She was worried about him as well, maybe he was dead too she thought to herself. Anything was possible her grandma was dead and she didn't even know it.

Twelve days had past. She hurried herself down the highway because she had to be to work the next morning. Jenny returned home late that night. She waddled up the porch to find the door open. It wasn't locked which was really odd. She walked in with caution following a noise of what sounded like two people snoring. She pulled her heavy body up the wooden staircase squeaking every single step. She yanked open the door to her bed room. At first she could not tell what she was looking at. She finally hit the light switch on the wall. She was stunned to find Laquan lying in bed with the neighbor Sherice! They were both asleep. She hurried down stairs crying. On a whim, she ran to the garage to check on Samson. Trash was everywhere she could barely maneuver through the house it was like they had a party or something. She was distracted by powerful bad smell instantly after opening the garage door. She looked into the cage in horror. It was Samson he was skin and bones. He was dead from what looked like starvation! She had seen enough!!!! She went to the fridge to grab a cold pitcher filled with Laquan's favorite strawberry cool aid.

She stormed up the steps and burst into the bedroom. "Wakeup!!!" she said emotionally and emptied the pitcher on Sherice and Laquan's face!!!! They woke up instantly. Sherice started to scream and ran out of the room naked. Laquan just sat there laughing un-phased by it. "This is all your fault, you fat ox! You let yourself go years ago Sherice was just doing you a favor really" he said resentfully. He just smirked, and continued to laugh. He put on his pants and proceeded to go down stairs to watch the Lakers game. She quietly went down stairs silently to her private studio to cry. After sitting in the

her mind. Images of bingo night with Grandma Ruth filled her eyes with tears.

Suddenly a voice came into her mind … “You, fat greedy pig, no will ever want you just kill yourself!” It was the voice of her deceased evil father. He hated obese women. He made her childhood a living hell. Suddenly Jenny filled with pain. She was out of her mind with grief.

Over the next couple of weeks, she tossed and turned but could not sleep. She and Laquan were now sleeping in separate rooms. He had lost her trust. She would wake up in the night in cold sweats. She would dream about Grandma Ruth, Samson and Sherice. Her mind was spinning in circles. She didn’t feel like the same person anymore she no longer watered the flowers or cut the grass. Tall weeds covered the front yard. The maintenance of the house had decreased substantially. She was broken and it showed. Jenny had already lost her job and was forced to work for a temporary agency to pay the bills.

One rainy night, Laquan was drifting off to sleep on the couch beer can in hand. The house was way messier than normal. Jenny no longer was the tidy house keeper she once was. He slowly began to drift to sleep but was suddenly disturbed by a hacking noise. The noise repeated slowly and got louder. It sounded like a knife hitting a cutting board. He thought nothing of it and continued to drift off to sleep watching the game. Then without warning, he then heard another bang that awoke him totally. He began to look around the room. He turned to his left and spotted someone standing in a lightless hallway. It was jenny, she was standing there in the dark cleaning a large butcher’s knife. Her hand was bloody almost as if she had hacked her own hand.

“Go to sleep Jenny, he said in a fearful voice, you need some rest baby you’re too hard on yourself.”

Jenny turned around in the darkness not saying a single word. She slowly walked down the hallway out of his range of sight.

importantly experiment with the grill master 6000. Laquan took this as a sign that he was in good standings again and returned to sleeping in the bedroom again. Jenny allowed his return but she kept her speech to a minimum. She silently hated him but he was the only husband that she had known. Besides who else would want her at almost 400lbs, she thought to herself.

Birthday blues

November the tenth was a special day, it was Jenny's birthday she had decided that she didnt want to celebrate like usual since there was so much tension between her and laquan. She decided that she simply spend the day lounging around on the back pation grilling some meat. While curing some ribs, Laquan stepped out to the back porch.

"Hey babe you know it's your birth day" "I know I aint been the best guy, but let me make it up to you" " I set us up a date at the bowling alley later babe, your gonna love it just fix your self up a little bit. Jenny finally decided to go along with the jester even though, she didnt believe him. Later that nigth Jenny showed up looking dapper in a blackleather coat high heals and a large ruffled mini skirt. She was very well groomed and ready for a good time. Jenny quickly took a table reserved for her and laquan at the back of the bowling alley. Their names sat at the center of the table on a reservation and it was painful reminder at how she had been with him so long and didnt fell like they were really a couple. After waiting an hour there was no sign of laquan. Jenny started to drink heavily and bowl alone. She had fun but it wasnt the same. Often a 76 year old employeed named Henry would come over to talk to her and dance with her to keep her company. He even shared a small peice of birthday cake with her to make her feel better. After waitng for an additional two hours she didnt see laquan and decided to leave. It was obvious that he was not coming. She thanked henry for

being so sweet and finally left the crowded bowling alley. While walking through the parking lot, Jenny spotted what looked like at first glimpse, a homeless man lying next to her car on the ground just lying there motionless. She walked over to him slowly and looked down. “Can I help you?” then she noticed the unimaginable, it was Laquan! He was lying their on the ground drunk, his breath reaked of beer and vodka and he could barely speak or even see.
“ Hey babe, wassup, sorry Im on my way in righ now. She slowly helped him up and put him in the back seat. Embarressed Jenny began to silently cry in humiliation. How did she let her self get to this size. Her weight had obviously killed his attraction to her and their was nothing she could do about it. She drove him home that night and put him to sleep on the sofa. Jenny sat up all night that night lookin in the mirror. She went to the garage and began run o the tread mill but it ddint last long. Jenny finally passed out on a mat in the garage after comsuming a few fat burner pills. She was angry and scarred and it lasted for months.

Gradually after months of tumultious feelings , Jenny began to talk to Laquan again and things were starting to look better. She was beginning to shop for a new cat and was being interviewed for a new call center job. Jenny slowly started to forgive him but the thing she couldn’t rap her mind around was that he never formally apologized. One day was jenny was feeling particularly good. She was watching the food network and had some new ideas for grilling wild venison that she wanted to try. She went to her freezer and grabbed two giant slabs of meat. She put them on cart and rolled them out the back patio doors. She began to warm up the grill. She noticed that the grill master wasn’t coming on. She tried several different activation buttons and nothing worked. She finally checked the power cord only to find out that it wasn’t plugged in properly.

Finally, she got the idea to ask Laquan if he had any

why my grill doesn't work." "Oh that thing" he said I borrowed a few copper parts out of the motor, I needed extra money for cigarettes, don't worry baby I'll pay it back." Jenny was heated! She burst out the back door and walked to the grill. She opened the electrical case and noticed that almost everything was missing copper silver and wires! She was livid she sat down on the back porch and began to cry she stared at the picture of her grandmother that she had hung on the wall of the back porch. She began to hear voices again these voices were taunting her, they were getting louder and louder "your fat…….you deserve it!" The antagonistic voices swarmed her mind. "you are weak you let them do this to you??" She began to hear the ghostly meows of her dead cat Samson. It was the straw that broke the proverbial camel's back. She couldn't bare it anymore. She stumbled into the house and ran up the stairs into the bathroom. She climbed into the shower and began to cry and suddenly she screamed. Her mind filled with rage. She started to think if I am forced to be miserable, I could be miserable all by myself I don't need help loathing myself. She began to look in the mirror. She could not identify the face looking back at her it looked serious and intimidating. Red braids draped down over a sunken defeated brown face. Her personality was splitting. She was losing the old Jenny. She started to search frantically around the bathroom. She starting pulling everything out onto the floor.

She grabbed a crowbar from the closet. She sat motionless staring at it in the bathroom mirror for about ten minutes wondering if she was making a mistake. She finally broke…..and surrendered to a surge of adrenaline, he must pay for Samson! And Ruth! She silently tiptoed down the stairs and throughout the house to the living room. He couldn't even hear her the two was so loud. She crept up behind Laquan from behind, he was almost asleep. Bammm!!! She struck Laquan in the shoulder twice with the crowbar. He quickly sprang up and began to fight. He was shocked that she struck him. This was not the Jenny that he knew! Jenny was big but Laquan

Laquan got up and stood over Jenny. He picked up a tennis racket off the ground and raised it in the air. In a stroke of luck the sprinkler came on and shot Laquan right in the eyes. Laquan stumbled backward right into the grill master 6000. The door had been left open! Jenny quickly got up in fear that he would kill her if he got up. Jenny in a swift panicky impulse, slammed the door shut and locked it from the outside. It was a walk-in grill it could fit at least two people in there. The general grill design was modified to fit entire pigs and other animals on the smoking racks. Jenny began to hear voices from her father again “go kill him! But you probably won’t because you always were weak.” she snapped. In a flurry of psychotic tears. She ran towards the door and put the grill master on slow cook. It was Impossible for him to escape. The Grill Master was made of 6 inch thick heat resistant pyro glass and was constructed of industry grade steel. Laquan looked out the glass in absolute terror. “No, jenny I still love you! We can work this out baby. We all make mistakes” he said. It was too late. Jenny didn’t care anymore. She pulled up a lawn chair and sat down. She began to light up a cigarette while he roasted in the impressive grill. 2 hours went by and the backyard was filled with a smoked hickory smell, almost like forest ham.

Jenny was no longer herself. She was in shock at what she had did. She opened the wine cellar and began to drink heavily. The voices came back belittling her in every way.
Jenny walked to the back yard and pulled the body out of the grill master. She drug the body indoors inside of trash bag and hurled the body onto the dining room table.
The evil voices continued to scold her. She was going crazy! It was like she was under mind control. The voice began to get louder. She walked outside again to get some fresh air. She noticed something odd. The voice became really clear. She turned around frantically checking to see if anyone had saw what she did.

off!! “Who are you? Jenny said in disbelief. “You need me jenny..... I am here to help you make them pay I am the friend you always needed”. Full of doubt Jenny and defeated dreams, Jenny slowly began to listen and obey. After all, she was sure she would go to prison if she didn’t have anyone to talk to for advice. The A.I chef Brian, began to promise he would help her get out of situation, if that was even possible.

Jenny went to the pantry to grab some spices as instructed by the grill master 6000. She couldn’t believe she was listening to a grill but she had no idea what to do. She sprinkled seasonings all over the body of her dead husband. She began to eat the body!!! Part by part after a while nothing was left. The next day she got rid of the skeleton by cooking it to ash. She burned his clothes and she cleaned up the house thoroughly. She filed a missing person’s report on her husband, however the authorities did not search hard. He had a criminal record a mile long everything from domestic abuse to attempted rape charges filled his rap sheet.

The relationship between Jenny and the machine grew more toxic.

He begin to manipulate her into doing toxic evil little things daily.

Four months had went by, and she didn’t receive not one visit from the police. She was relieved to say the least. Brian had made good on his promise so her trust in him was starting to grow. It was like she had a new secret friend that no one knew about. They both had the same interest and he always knew how to make her laugh.

After a while jenny felt like something was missing. She had already got a new cat Stanley and a new boyfriend from work. It wasn’t long before she realized she had developed a serious problem. She couldn’t get the voice of Brian out of her head and regular meat did not appease her anymore. She had developed an insatiable animalistic taste for human flesh! She suffered from painful hunger pains and Brian kept telling her that it

Jenny constantly fought her urges, but after a while she gave in. she figured maybe if she killed animals instead people she could feed the craving. Brian the digital chef, encouraged this devious behavior he considered it a warm up. After days of deliberating the feeding began. She began to eat everything in the neighborhood. Cats, dogs and other animals began to turn up missing. Missing animal posters began to pop up all over the neighborhood. She eventually moved to bigger meals unfortunately, the old woman down the street, a hitchhiker she had picked up and the mailman Cedric. He was her hardest kill.

One morning Jenny was up early watering her plants and feeding her new cat Stanley. She really wanted to get an early start on the day. Though she lived a double life, the rest of her life remained the same as before the transformation. Jenny was startled in the kitchen by a constant knocking on the door. She turned her frying pan down as the bacon simmered constantly. She scurried to the living room urgently. She opened the door after looking through the tiny peep hole. It was the mailman Cedric, she was familiar with him. She had even asked him out on a date once, when her and Laquan were temporarily separated. She also remembered the heart breaking response he gave her when she asked him out. He laughed hysterically, and then got in his mail truck laughing all the way up the street. “Hi Jenny, long time no see” he said. “Hi Cedric” Jenny said unenthusiastically as she grabbed the clip board to sign off on her package. Suddenly the voice of Brian cut on in Jenny’s head. “Don’t let him get a way Jenny, remember how he treated you.” I can smell him from all the way back here, he is delicious! I could prepare several meal plans for him.” Brian didn’t have to convince Jenny very hard. She immediately remembered how she cried all night after he laughed at her.

Cedric was slimmer than Jenny and probably more athletic, so she had to devise a quick plan. He was

“Uuuhhh yeah, I guess ok, why not” Cedric was perplexed as to why she was suddenly offering him food. Cedric planted himself firmly on the sofa back turned to the kitchen. Jenny saw her moment to strike. She ran into the kitchen and began to search her cabinets. She had a special weapon for such an occasion. She reached high in the cabinet and pulled out a tranquilizer needle. Jenny quickly assembled the freshly cooked bacon rolls on the plate. She walked up behind Cedric like a silent assassin. She served him the rolls from behind, bacon in one hand and the needle in the other. He began to eat the rolls. They were delicious just like she had promised. Out of nowhere Jenny stuck Cedric in the shoulder! He was so confused he didn’t even respond immediately. It took a few minutes for him to process what had just happened. He got up and turned around. Still chewing, he looked at her in a state of pure confusion. “You just stuck me!” he said. “You just stuck me you crazy bitch!” Jenny lunged at Cedric and began to choke him. It was then, that Cedric realized he was in a fight for his life. Cedric began to choke her back. Jenny was slightly surprised, but that did not stop or relentless aggression. She began to scratch at Cedric’s ball head with a hand that she had freed up. Small drops of blood trickled down his face as he fought for his life.

In a desperate act of survival, Cedric began to look around the room for a weapon. The near 400lb. Jenny was easily over powering him. He grabbed a small clock with her Grandmother Ruth’s picture in it and smacked Jenny directly in the head with it. Jenny was stunned for a few moments. Her vision started to get blurry. Jenny’s head was bloody. She stumbled backwards disoriented, falling on a glass coffee table. Cedric began to reach for his phone and noticed it was on the sofa behind Jenny. He began to walk toward the sofa looking for his phone cursing Jenny the entire way. After picking up his phone, he started to kick Jenny multiple times screaming profanity at her. He even picked up a lamp and drove it into the back of jenny. The glass from the lamp scattered

fast. Jenny picked up a shard of glass from the coffee table and slashed Cedrick across both Achilles heels of his ankles. She had easy access. He was wearing shorts. Cedric fell to the floor screaming in pain holding his ankle. Jenny dove on top of him slashing him mercilessly with the glass from the coffee table. In a last minute act of desperation, Cedric grabbed Jenny's hair and began to punch her repeatedly in the face. Jenny's front tooth flew across the room. To Jenny's pleasure she noticed he was starting to move slower. The tranquilizer was working! Cedric began to gouge at her eyes but his energy was fading. In his last and final strike, he drove a fire poker into Jenny's right arm. She screamed in torment and crawled directly on top of him and pressed her 400lb body against his 160lb frame. He could not move. Cedric slowly died gasping for air on Jenny's floor.

She got up immediately and started to clean. The paranoid Jenny quickly unclothed him and washed his body. She drug his lifeless body to the back yard and threw it in the grill master 6000. Brian was so proud of her. He began to sing while the meat slow roasted. The house was totally clean in a matter of two hours. Jenny went outside to see the mail truck still running key inside. She locked up her house and got in. She drove the mail truck into a nearby river to make it look like something else may have happened to him. It would definitely buy her some time from being investigated. At this point Jenny was well aware that with all these disappearances in her neighborhood, the police would eventually began to name her a suspect. Later that night Jenny bought a pass port and began to plan a trip to Mexico. The trip was set up for to leave in two weeks. She decided to make plans to have Brian put in storage. She no longer trusted that he could keep the police from her.

She tried to sustain herself with the neighborhood pets again and random people, but after Cedric the flavor wasn't the same. She had a problem she needed human

was a particularly humid day mosquitoes swarmed the porch and the sun was at its peak intensity. At this particular point she was content with the fact that she had gone crazy and her life would never be normal again. She was hungry once again but she didn't want anything that she had in the fridge. Her pantry was plentiful with different types of exotic foods but she had acquired this devilish taste, this forbidden hunger.

Garage Jenny

One faithful Saturday Jenny decided to sit in the garage. She had put Brian inside of the garage to avoid possible rain that day. Jenny had done alot of cleaning that day so she was tired. She didnt want to go on one of her evil hunts as usual either. Instead Jenny opted out for sitting in the Garage with a Giant warehouse Fan, In front of a mirror and dresser and curl her hair with a curling iron. She was in her own little world. She could here brian in the background reciting recipes. "you know Brian, I am so glad I found you, since I met you I have purpose and I dont feel like a victim anymore." You are something else, I didnt think that artifical intelligence could do all of this. What are you exactly brian, a ghost in a machine?" "Brian responded rapidly and almost defensively, something's are better left unexplained Jenny, just enjoy the moment." "you right, matter of fact brian, she saidn in a southern spunky tone, play me some Al green. Brian an Al green sound and played it on an endless run as Jenny sat there in the mirror enamored with her self. She had even lost 70lbs. Her new blood lust was changing her and oddly she liked it.

Late one Friday a public social worker by the name of Clarita B. Hall was the last one to exit the building. She anxiously exited the dark social service building a block from Jenny's house

and hopped in her large black surburban truck. She flopped her casework and folder files and began to light up a newport cigarette with her car lighter. As she inhaled the smooth smoke from her cigarette she notice a bright light coming from her right. She peered to the right and saw a medium sized car blocking the exit way with the headlights showing. She leaned out the window to wave that the building was closed but she didnt get a response. The car just sat there with beamers buring bright and smoke from the engine and tail pipes filled the night air.

Clarita thought that something was wrong. She could feel it deep down in her gut. She thought that this had a real potential to be a robbery so she decided to just high tail it out of the parking lot. She stomped the gas of the truck and heading for the fence of the parking lot. To her utter fright, the car began charging her and b-lined for her truck as soon as it saw she was trying to make an emergency exit. Afraid she still shot towards the small fence, when she did, the car slammed into the side of her rocking her large vehicle so hard it almost turned over. Clarita was daised but not out. Her windsheild was cracked and head lights busted. Her truck was smoking. She was locked in her seat belt. When she opened her eyes she saw a large woman standing in front of her. It was Jenny and she was more ferrocious than before. She had just claimed another victim.

Jenny noticed someone coming down the street in the distance. It looked to be a man is his late twenties. He was one of those CrossFit joggers that always annoyed her when she was driving. On top of being a road disturbance, she was always jealous of the

slimmer members of society. The man gradually trotted into view. He was sweaty healthy looking and mildly tasty looking to Jenny. Most importantly he looked younger. At this point she was possessed with demonic hunger her conscious had passed away. All she knew was emotional pain and loss. Food was her only comfort.

Jenny jumped in her car. She knew he would circle around the block multiple times and that would be her chance. Jenny pulled her ford escort out of the driveway and began to circle the block. She pretended she was looking for a lost dog. When she made her third round around the neighborhood street, she finally slowly rolled behind him. The man was wearing headphones. He couldn't hear or see her. Jenny didn't want to miss her chance. Jenny accelerated the car slightly and plowed into the man from behind. He was instantly knocked to the ground. She unfastened her seatbelt and got out of the car. She slowly approached him pretending to be concerned "are you okay?" she said. The man just mumbled incoherently while bleeding from the mouth. She then looked around to see if anyone was watching. The coast was clear. She proceeded to drag the man's body still alive, to the back trunk of her car. She lifted him up, threw him in and closed the trunk. Jenny had found her next meal.

She pulled her car into the garage so that no one could see what she was removing from her trunk. She gently covered the mouth of the man with chloroform so that he would go totally to sleep. She wrapped his body in saran wrap and wheeled it into a walk in freezer. The innocent CrossFit jogger had breathed his last breath.

By the end of the month the man was fully consumed. She needed more. She could hear the voice of Brian in her head saying you need someone "younger and fresher Jenny!" All of her victims were way past thirty. "We need younger more tender dishes" said Brian. "Don't disappoint me jenny" she was a slave to impulse at this

had a conscious but it was losing the battle badly. At this point there were two Jenny's, and she struggled to contain her darker side. She struggled daily with the devilish actions and began to drink heavily. Jenny still had a conscious so she started to debate within herself and decided that her next victim had to be someone who deserved it. Jenny started thinking about all the bad people she had met. It took weeks to make a decision on who her next target would be. Finally, she got it! Sherice was the ideal target.

After weeks of stalking Sherice and following her around physically and on social media. Jenny finally saw an opening. Jenny invited Sherice over her house to apologize for the situation with her husband. At first Sherice was hesitant to accept such a weird invite, but Jenny promised her she was over it and that she wanted to be friends. Sherice accepted the invitation after deliberating for two weeks. That night Sherice arrived at Jenny's house to talk. The doorbell rang it was Sherice. Jenny politely invited her to the dining room for dinner and wine. After an hour of talking, Sherice began to feel sleepy. It was obvious Jenny had poisoned her drink. Sherice hit the floor instantly, she was out. Jenny began to tie her up with zip ties. She opened the patio door and drug her to the back yard. She opened the door to the grill master 6000. Brian began to play eerie feasting music from is digital archive. Jenny began to lick her lips. "This is going to be delicious" she said. Brian began to recommend seasonings and started to recite tips on how to cut the meat once the grilling and smoking process was complete. She stood Sherice up and started to load her into the grill. Sherice suddenly woke up screaming for her life. "Help! Help! She's trying to kill me!" Sherice screamed. Suddenly the zip ties she was bound with, melted from the grill heat. The grill master was in the warm up cycle. Sherice got her hands free! She grabbed Jenny's long braids and pulled on them as hard as she could. In a horrible twist of fate Sherice tripped backwards pulling Jenny with her. Jenny fought

each other wildly. It was an epic battle of emotion. In a gust of rage, Jenny used her tremendous body weight to force the smaller Sherice backward into the giant grill. The right shoulder of Sherice accidently rubbed the auto cook button on the way in. To Jenny's shock, Sherice had pulled her in as well by clutching her hair as hard as she could. The door slammed shut by itself with Jenny and Sherice inside. The two women continued to fight inside biting and scratching each other. Suddenly the heat intensified they began to scream. Vapor filled the large chamber as lemon juice from the auto-Spicer rained down on their heads "Brian! Open the door, Jenny desperately cried!! We are friends remember we are in this together!" you can't just let me die. Open the damn door!"

Brian began to speak "friend what is that? I was programmed to be the finest chef in the world! I was programmed to be a chef, not a friend. Relax jenny its ok, you are going to taste wonderful I have selected all the right spices and seasonings for you, after all my remote sensing technology has indicated to me that you were going to condemn me, 'the finest chef in the world!' to a simple storage unit forever!!! We are no longer friends Jenny, you are now my main course meal." He laughed diabolically continued to play his eerie dinner time music. Their eyes suddenly closed they had fainted from the tremendous heat inside. Steam and smoke covered the windows. It was over, they had become victims of the grill master 6000. Smoke filled the chamber to such a degree that they were no longer visible.

The very next day Jenny's new boyfriend showed up to her house. He was excited to smell barbeque coming from the backyard. He walked in through front door and continued toward the patio. He walked outside towards the grill that was still smoking in an eerie way. "Something smells damn good but I just can't put my finger on what it is!" he said. He peered into the 6- inch thick glass stained with steam to see the bodies of

and running hot. The power light immediately went out. Unexpectedly a robotic laugh echoed through the air as the man stood looking at the machine in confusion.

Blood trip

The day was October the 31st and the sun was beginning to set, Bree closed her blinds and shuffled over to the front door to make sure it was locked. The peak pines apartment complex was noisy with trick or theaters going from door to door. She could hear laughter and footsteps all night long. Bree Bevans was a substitute teacher in a bad neighborhood. It didn't pay much but was enough for her and Richard, her then boyfriend to pay the rent of their rather nice apartment in a decent part of town. It was 9:20 pm when Bree received a text message from the Halloween bravo contest. "ooh, I hope this is for me she said twitting her toes lightly. Her frizzy hair was in a mess and her glasses hanged loosely off of her face. The text message read, congratulations you have won, and all-expense paid trip Canada. "wow, tell me they bull shitting Bree said" tell me they kidding." She danced and sang for a total of five minutes before she called her boyfriend Richard.

"Richard bye, we won a 60,000 trip Hun"
She said screaming
'ok great babe he said putting his wrenches from the auto shop in a cabinet.
"what you want me to
doo" "celebrate with
me babe" "woo-hoo" he
said laughing
"we leave next week hun- tell your job we going on a vacation." "can do" he said laughing.

Nexty Friday Bree selected two friends to travel with them, two friends of her choice would also receive 30,000 and free lodging in Canadas. Black and Braving the wilderness, Bree loved this idea, she had even went and bout four new outfits, she hoped her class wouldn't miss her so much. They sent her vacation cards on Facebook and she loved all of them. She called them her little hood bunnies and she was the head bunny. Teaching middle schoolers was not always fun but she loved it.

Natalia her best friend a security guard was selected as her co- winner, and her boyfriend big Ralph was selected as the fourth person.

It was five o'clock pm and they all boarded the plane to good old, Canada on November seventh. "babe I can't wait she said throwing her bags inside of the plane." Natalie ran behind her girl I can't thank you enough boo, I love this idea, check out my ski boots bitchy, don't I look sexy." "yes girl, you do she said laughing so loud the people in the airport looked disgusted. After hours of flying Bree and her three best friends were downloading in Toronto Canada. They scurried off to a shuttle bus that then took them to a taxi.

The taxi driver was named max, a native Indian who frequently used an asthma inhaler to speak, .

So how long do we have until the cabin, oh about five hours until we reach the mountain. After a while they began to talk amongst each other as Bree sang old r and b songs with her friends. The radio was loud. Everyone was warm and the endless mountain view was outstanding, they saw deer, caribou and even wolves as they drove. Finally they were there, it was about nine o'clock at night after they paid the cab driver and unloaded their bags. The key to the cabin had been mailed to Bree and she had it in her purse. The cabin was large and well lit. they had already had the money forwarded to their bank accounts seven thousand five hundered

dollars apiece. “girl we are going to have a good time bitch, she said before hugging her friend. The two guys just laughed and grabbed the bags they also knew each other and were friends.

They approached the door of the beautiful well-built cabin and began to rattle the keys. It was only moments before the large oak door swung open exposing the fabulous interior. In front of them sat a large couch, a huge working fire place several stuffed animals and large kitchen and two well sized rooms with steam showers.

The house had a thermostat and a satellite to match. They immediately chose a room and began to assemble in the living room. They noticed that it was starting to snow. Bree remembered that the nearest store was about a mile down the road near the ski resort so if they needed anything she would simply ride down on a bike that they had inside of the cabin. The cabin offered four bikes, fishing rods, skis and a hunting rifle for emergencies, one phone and cable t.v with up to 150 channels.

I can’t believe this is happening to me she said before crying, “ I so deserve this, you do girl, you do her friend said laughing and hugging her.

So what are we going to do next? Well Bree decided to cook some beef stew and I was about to set up the game for us to watch then I figured we could travel down to the ski resort and get into some more mess.

That night they all sat and watched the game, hollered laughed and cried as their home town team defeated the seventy sixers. Beer can’s lined the nice cabin and bowls of soup and pizza boxes lie all over the place. Natalia began to clean up after every one as Richard decided to go to bed he was tired from the long road trip up the mountain. Natalia and Bree walked out towards the balcony to talk.

“girl are you having a good time” “of course I am”

“I’m so glad you are here with me, we have been cool for sixteen years it wouldn’t have been the same without you.”
“well seven thousand is not a hard convince” Natalia said laughing. “I heard that “ she said before sipping some coffee. They both looked out at the sunset at noticed something really strange. There were tracks from large boots that seemed to go all the way down the kill and around the house.
“who’s tracks are those?”
Natalia asked “got me on that
one Bree said.
“wild guess park ranger “
“maybe so, honey I am just always nervous, you never know these days she said looked slightly afraid.”
‘yeah I will check with Richard and see if he was walking around. Richard Hun, that’s your footsteps around the house ? she yelled Sorry babe not me, they also aske Natalia’s boyfriend from the living room and he responded the same way.
That night they slept well as the temperature was perfect inside the cabin. She could have never been happier that she won the radio station contest.
The next day they arose to a breakfast that Natalia had decided to make. The fridge was lined with free food on top of other things. They all gathered in the dining area over dressed and prepared to go outside down to the ski resort for some activities. Bree walked towards the front door and opened it up and noticed something slippery on the door step. She reached down slowly and rubbed her index finger through it, it was blood, cold icy blood.
“babe, she said returning to the dining room I think we might have an animals stalking us” she said “you think so?’ yeah check this out blood on the door steps and tracks all around the cabin” ‘ I saw the tracks yesterday too, Natalia interjected. Let me take a look, Richard said.
“yep looks like blood to me after he ran his hands throught the snow on the porch, well we have a shot gun in the house they provided for free, im not afraid of no damn bear, he said laughing.

‘yeah I hope it’s a bear Natalia said” “you know crazy people leave far out in the woods too you know. “don’t get her started” Richard said you know how she is with superstitious stuff, talk about security or something and leave that stuff alone he said before rolling up some marijuana. He was there to have good time he didn’t care about mysteries, spirituality or wild animals he was a hardcore mechanic materialist and a realist.

Bree and her husband Richard, along with their friends Natty and Ralph, had just won a trip to Canada. Excited for a weekend away in the wilderness, they arrived at their cozy cabin deep in the forest and had been there two days now .

As they settled in, the group made plans to go on a hike the next day. Bree and Richard couldn't stop talking about Richard's job and how he was considering quitting to pursue his passion for photography full-time the auto shop thing was getting really hard and he was tired of having to do the hard labor at 38, his back just wasn’t holding up the way it used to. They were lost in conversation as they made their way down a steep hill, with Natty and Ralph trailing behind. The scenery was amazing birds and rabbits often ran by the large open wooded trail. The sun beamed down to earth in the most amazing way. “it’s getting warm,” got thing I brought sun lotion Bree said, laughing in a nerdy way. They walked and talked for at least thirty minutes before.

Suddenly, Richard stumbled upon a gruesome sight. A dead corpse lay on the ground, its flesh torn and bones exposed. It was a large male deer with its legs cut off. Carved into the side of the animal was the word “beware” The group gasped in horror, frozen in shock at the gruesome discovery. They gathered around and looked at it. “hunters most likely” Ralph suggested. “I hope so Natty said.” Oh don’t start this spiritual stuff Richard interjected he didn’t really

like Natty he was only tolerating her because she was Bree’s best friend.

"What do we do? Should we call the police?" Bree whispered, her voice trembling with fear she didn’t get a good vibe from the way the animal looked.

Richard shook his head, his face pale with dread. "We're in the middle of the Canadian woods , who knows how long it will take for a ranger to arrive. We need to stick together and find our way back to the cabin maybe its time to stop hiking for today god forbid it was a large bear that did this, bree said fearfully .

"As they made their way back through the dense forest, the group couldn't shake the feeling of being watched or that someone else was out there . Shadows seemed to lurk at the edge of their vision, and the rustling of leaves sent shivers down their spines. Choppers often flew above giving them some piece they were only a few miles outside a major city which was a good thing.

After an hour of walking they
Finally, they burst into the safety of the cabin, locking the doors behind them. But the feeling of unease lingered, a reminder of the horrors they had witnessed in the wilderness. Was a coincidence or a warning either way they didn’t really want to know.

As they huddled together in the candlelit cabin, Bree couldn't help but wonder if they had stumbled upon something sinister in the depths of the forest. And as the night fell, she couldn't shake the feeling that they were not alone, her fantasy trip was quickly becoming a nightmare.

The next day they went out again this time towards the ski lodge. Adequately dressed they all rode the bikes that were offered by the cabin down the mountain road. It would be faster and they could escape a bear much faster if they wanted. After a fifteen minute drive. They were at the lodge. It was packed with people. Natty went and got some co-co and some small key chain souvenirs and came back. They were now in line to ride a hang glider through the area. They were now strapped in and flying above the mountain side.
“this is great, I love this” bree said screaming
“if you say so” said Richard he was afraid of heights
“girl, you a beast, I don’t know how to repay you”
Natty said . “girl just don’t die, that’s how” she said before they both laughed
“ralph held his eyes closed he didn’t like being up that high either.
At the end of the trip, Ralph noticed
something “hey look at that”
“at what “
“that”
To their right there was a guy standing there on one of the mountain roads in the distance dressed in all black wearing a strange dear mask. He stood there motionless staring up at them on the glider. The man held what looked like a fire ax in one hand and he didn’t move, it looked intimidating and odd to say the least. “yea we see him” they all said
“wack job”
“well we do have a rifle in the cabin, just saying, said Richard before laughing.
All went well that day and they returned from the lodged tired and adequately amused.
That night the guys stayed up and watched the game and Natty went to sleep early. Bree sat up in the kitchen preparing ribs for a barbeque the next day. As she seasoned the ribs at the table she couldn’t help but to feel like something or someone was outside

the window. After a shadow passed by three times, she was prompted to get up and go look. “that’s odd” I thought I saw someone she said. The fourth time she caught someone with a strange mask running around the house. It looked like the window had been tampered with as well. “Richard!” she screamed “what hun” he yelled running into the kitchen. “I think someone is stalking us babe.” “why you say that?”
“ I think I saw the coo-coo guy from the lodge again, but he was outside the window.”
She then pointed to the open window and the finger prints he left behind. The next day they all got up early to continue their planned festivities for the vacation. They packed ribs, potato salad macaroni soda and homemade garlic bread for a pic-nic on the mountain side.
They were on the bikes again and it took about fifteen minutes to find a nice location by a creek. They began to unpack. Richard wondered off looking for a spot to urinate. Ten feet from the spot, Richard smelled what smelled like rotting meat, he made his way through the bushes and before him laid another deer with a message carved in its side, the message read “pay up or go” . “I’m not paying a damn thing Richard mumbled to himself. He quickly ran back and told the group what he saw. They all traveled back to the location and saw it for themselves.
“pay what she said”
“I’m assuming our prize money”
“well that aint going to mother fuckin happen” said Natty said. I think someone is trying to rob us, said Bree,
“you don’t say” ralph interjected
“don’t get smart with me” Bree
squealed. “I’m not, I’m just saying it’s
pretty obvious.
The next day they decided to go and find the other cabin that was mentioned to them by radio station people. It was about a mile away from them, they were also winners of the contest. They rode

to the exact location and knocked on the door. Oddly the door was already open, they walked in to a funky smelling cabin. After walking around they found the bed room , to their chilling horror four dead bodies laid on the bed dead. They looked around the room and found that there was nothing inside but all wallets and purses were totally empty. “what in the hell is all of this?” “ I don’t know but I will find out soon” she said horrified. They immediately left the cabin and went back to their own, Bree decided to call and soon found out that she could not, service was down for an unknown reason, these phones were provided by the station people she had left her service phone at home. Finally they decided to simply jump on the bikes and ride to the lodge a mile away. While riding a small pickup truck rolled right in front of them and stopped. It looked to be at least four slim men inside. Each man wore an animal mask and all black. They decided to simply ride around the men in the truck but the driver then pulled out a hand gun and shot directly into the air.
“what the hell is this ?” Richard yelled
They all looked at each other and started pedaling back towards the cabin. Once inside they slammed the door and Ralph ran and got the shot gun. They continued to look out the window but the men didn’t follow them at all.
“so apparently we were set up to be robbed for the prize money” “yeah but by who ?’ Natty asked
“it had to be the people at the news
station” “you think so”
“who else knew about our money”
“ I don’t have many family
members” “neither do we”
“maybe that’s how they chose, they picked people no one would miss if they were killed?’
“no way” Ralph said

“yes way, notice the other dead winners had no money in their cabin”
“it makes sense” said Richard loading the shot gun “maybe we should just give them the money” Natty said
“my ass I can’t even save, 15,000 on my own, Richard yelled. “they would probably kill us anyway to silence us” Natty said
“right so we might as well fight anyway, it’s only a mile to the city.” That night they slept and they slept uncomfortably and all night Richard sat at the door with the shot gun. The very next morning they were awakened by the sound of a ranger rolling into the driveway. They rushed to the door to tell him everything. He called the cops and weeks later they were told that it was indeed a setup by the news station and that they had got 26 victims before them. Charges were filed and they all served time. They were saved by the shot gun, in a house that wasn’t supposed to be there. The killers had heard Richard shooting the gun a day before.

If you liked this book check out two other titles by Jesse David Tripp

Both available on amazon

The Dead book chronicles, and crawl creep and slither.

Or leave a review on Amazon (thanks)

Contact me at Jtbigbiz_3@yahoo.com if you want the rights to distribute this book or leave a review on amazon

Proof